

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

OCTOBER 4, 1982

\$1.25

## ISRAEL ON TRIAL

Lebanon after  
the massacre

The Jewish crisis  
of conscience





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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE  
**Macleans's**

OCTOBER 4, 1981 VOL. 55 NO. 40

**COVER**

**Israel on trial**

The massacre of hundreds of civilians in West Beirut and the apparent attempt at a cover-up in Jerusalem have left the government of Israeli Premier Menachem Begin isolated as never before. In Jewish communities around the world, the spectacle of Israel, accused of having blood on its hands, severed a crucial vein of Jewish history and tradition. — **Page 28**

COVER PHOTO BY GUY LAWRENCE/CONTOUR/JAGGED



**Deliverance for Dome**

In a dramatic eleven-hour offer, Ottawa and the banks presented Dome with a bailout plan to help it through its increasingly desperate financial straits. — **Page 49**



**A souring experiment**

Though oil wealth has provided Libya with a welfare state, many now feel that Muammar Khadaffi, their strongman ruler, has lost touch with reality. — **Page 12**



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**Fiery baptism to 6/5 cult**

Six thousand civil servants burned Premier William Davis in effigy when Ontario joined Ottawa's recent crusade, and three other provinces echoed "yeh." — **Page 22**



**A new season of old faces**

As North Americans tune into the new TV season this week they will find that they are watching a host of familiar faces in a host of familiar-looking shows. — **Page 79**





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## Pearls of wisdom

Congratulations to your contributing editor Barbara Ansel on her Aug. 30 column, *The Best for the Rightist Terrible*, in which she asked seven cabinet ministers to step forward. It is one of her finest articles and one that all Canadians should read, regardless of their political beliefs. My copy is in demand, and many of my friends are trying to purchase a copy for themselves.

—EDITH FARKUS,  
Sagfolk, Ont.

In her astute criticism of our prime minister, Barbara Ansel demands into the mire of many non-grape Conservatives, still smarting over their several drubbings, who now gloat over the throwing of eggs and tomatoes as if everyone in Canada were condoning it. Like all other involving damp-Trudeau campaigns, Miss Ansel's plot to entice seven Liberal members into deserting the PM is an illusion as the Conservative party's choice of leaders over the past 15 years.

—R.D. BENOITON,  
Edmonton

## Long-overdue laurels

I am writing about your article on the Canadian national basketball team, *Just Desolate and Not Unhappy Team* (Sports, Aug. 30). Your publication should be rewarded for placing some long-overdue laurels on the shoulders of this fine team. However, there is one thing in the article that turned me off considerably. I feel that your article did not sufficiently mention Ray Trane. Coach Jack Desolate has repeatedly called Trane "the heart of the team."

—DEAN CAMPBELL,  
Niagara Falls, Ont.

## No cost too great

Throughout your Sept. 8 cover story, *The New Medicine's Greivous Risks*, people's lives are given a price tag as if they were tomatoes on a supermarket shelf. The article states that Canadians with malfunctioning kidneys, who would have otherwise died, are now kept alive by dialysis machines at a cost of \$25,000 per patient—implying that the price is too high. How can any caring person put a price on human life?

—E.G. QUINN,  
Rockton, Sask.

Your article *The New Medicine's Greivous Risks* are in stating that "biomedical" engineers require new equipment in hospitals. This is a task for biomedical or clinical engineers. Biomedical engineers, who are the primary developers of new technology for medical and health care use, have long been concerned with the issues raised in your

## PONTIAC BUILDS EXCITEMENT

Pontiac Phoenix  
How to economize and still get your kicks.



Some of the equipment (shown or described) is available in extra cost.

Above: Pontiac Phoenix L.J. Sedan Coupe

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**PONTIAC PHOENIX**  
PONTIAC BUILDS EXCITEMENT



Pontiac Phoenix L.J. Sedan Four-Door Sedan

article. Much effort has already been made in creating tools for preventive health care and rehabilitation. As you point out, increased research funding in these areas should be a priority.

—CHARLES A. LARSEN,  
Vancouver

I was most impressed with *The New Medicine's* *Crash Diet*. This is something I have been advocating for years and is one of the many reasons for my doing "the other medicine" or *Alternate Therapy*. Some 2,500 years ago Hippocrates said "Let food be your medi-

cine—let medicine be your food." I have been in practice now for 35 years and have finally decided he is right. By asking a patient what he eats, drinks and smokes and by eliminating foods which cause symptoms, it is possible to regain health and happiness. The same for cars rests with the parent—not the doctor or the government or the parent or the school or the church. The use of common sense, exercise, good food and maybe a few vitamins can do wonders at little cost.

—R. CLASH GREEN, MD,  
Prince Albert, Sask.

#### A red-hot issue

Regarding your article *Work for New West Shores* (Canada, Aug. 28) how ridiculously stupid (as some federal bureaucrats be) setting test fires in forests at a time like this? I cannot help but criticize the five experts who torched part of the Northwest Territories in an experiment to observe the behavior of forest fires which took some 37 days and \$300,000-plus to bring under control.

—DON WATSON,  
ex-Chief Ranger,  
Watson Lake, Yukon

#### Two sides to a story

Regarding *Dogs of Danger* at *Friendship Pass* (World, Sept. 6) so Daniel Barnette was "one of the few correspondents to visit the Friendship Pass in more than two years." Presumably it did not occur to him to ask permission to visit the other side of the border from the Vietnamese government. If he had, perhaps his report would not have been so very one-sided.

—JANET COUGHLIN,  
Pembroke, B.C.

#### Open for ideas

With reference to Allan Fotheringham's column *A Final Showdown* (Sask. Aug. 30) go, Dr. Fotheringham, if you profess to be such a good doctor and hate Mr. Trudeau so much that you would love to drown him in a teacup and also consider Joe Clark worse than airt to be useful, who do you suggest is suitable to get our country out of its desperate situation and lead it into a new prosperity? It is so easy to blame and ridicule and much more difficult to have ideas for improvement.

—JEROME K. BACHNER,  
St-Leonard, Que.

Even though Fotheringham has a great deal of space to work with, he never seems to exhaust his immense spring of vitriol for Pierre Trudeau. The latest source of inspiration for Fotheringham was the film's recent *Cannae Salad*. Bottom train trip across the country. He knows that his readership, hungry for newspaper in hard times, will eat up anything he writes about P.E.T., no matter how hackneyed it is. When the Old Man finally retires he may have the last laugh on Fotheringham and Company. If they don't do some quick brushing up, they might have to pack it is too—far lack of material. Or should I say imagination?

—PAT COVAIN,  
Calgary

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, *Maclean's* magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont., M5G 1A2.

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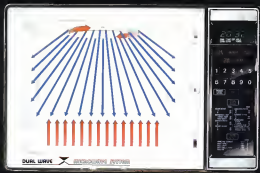
Simulated microwave pattern as it enters most of the popular microwaves on the market.

Bringing the waves into a microwave oven from the bottom as well as the top may not seem like a big deal.

In fact, it's a major technological breakthrough, because for all its benefits, cooking with microwaves has always had one inherent problem, uneven wave distribution, which meant uneven cooking.

You see, there is very little heat conducted in microwave cooking. The waves that enter the oven are what cook the food. If they miss a spot, that spot doesn't cook.

Which is why microwave manufacturers have added stirrers and antennae to redirect the waves. Some have even resorted to space-stealing, expensive turntables to move the food instead of the waves.



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## Signs of strain in the revolution

By David Beidel

On a parched range of hills near the edge of Libya's desert, Mihad is helping a neighbor plant a post. Squinting against the harsh sunlight, he gazes at the sky, wondering when the rains will come so that he can plant his barley. The last year has been a good one for Mihad. Though it was his first on the 180-acre farm, he earned \$50,000, a mighty sum by developing countries' standards. Now Fayed is a tent, he will soon have a new \$110,000 three-bedroom house, so his wife and seven children will be able to join him as the spread. Mihad grudgingly, as any farmer anywhere. "I'm not doing badly from my sheep and crops, but remember, I have all sorts of expenses for needs and machinery."

Mihad obtained his new home and land free of charge, courtesy of a scheme designed for Libya by American agricultural experts to open up land for cereal production. The most successful, but Libya has black gold to pay for it. Since his seizure of power 15 years ago, Muammar Khadafi, the country's strongman ruler, has spent colossal amounts of petrodollars to



recruited teacher-leaders, have created suspicion and distrust abroad. Disenchantment is in at home with the much resented military conscription. Two years later, hundreds of Libyan soldiers died in an ill-fated intervention in neighboring Chad. Then, the Libyans' fascist leader last June this past August when, after spending more than \$100 million on the construction of hotels and conference halls for a summit meeting of the Organization of African Unity (OAU), the event was cancelled for lack of a quorum, thus Khadafi was unsuccessful in his maneuver to gain goodwill by launching the organization's

chairman and spokesman for the next year.

Strict austerity measures are now in place: a drop in oil revenues has forced drastic cuts in imports, creating shortages in consumer goods and certain foods. And there is increasing grumbling over the regime's interference in people's lives. Some Libyans are now even risking severe punishment by breaking Khadafi's partitioned Islamic code Alshari in forbidden, but middle-class Libyans will pay as much as \$100 for a smuggled bottle of whisky.

Foreign workers secretly brew their own liquor, including "flash" (a spirit that has been banned to aviation fuel). Limited public entertainment keeps some Libyans to late night porno movies on Italian television. "People have become demoralized," claims one expatriate. "They would dance in the streets if the regime fell."

Certainly, the merchant class, which has seen its businesses and much of its wealth stripped away with Khadafi's nationalization program, would welcome the demise of the "Green Revolution" (so called because Libyan society is now peturbed after the rules outlined in the Khadafi-authored Green

Khadafi (above); downtown Tripoli: idealists looking back with reality



Book). But others regard the colonel as a hero who has made their nation of only three million a force to be reckoned with. Though most of Libya's 680,000 square miles (twice the size of Ontario) is rock and sand, oil wealth has enabled the building of a welfare state in which education and medical attention are free and there is housing for all. Billions of dollars have been spent on new highways, universities, industrial projects and schemes to turn the desert green. Inevitably, there have been white elephants. Huge Belgian-built grain silos dotting the plain near

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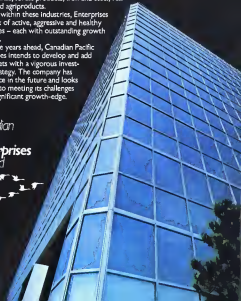
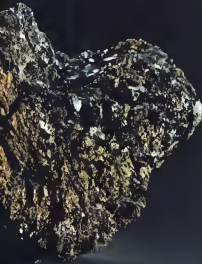
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the capital city of Tripoli are underway and likely to remain so. At a time when there is a global economic crisis, Libya is investing in petrochemicals and a big steel complex. Since lack of water limits development, an ambitious plan envisages a 1,000-km pipeline to bring fresh water to the coast from beneath the Sahara, but the water is believed to be nonconducive.

Since Libya is short of labor and expertise, much of the oil money goes toward paying for foreign labor and technology. Several hundred thousand foreigners work in the country, including a large contingent from Eastern Europe. Until last year there were an estimated 500 American workers, but many left when relations between their country and Libya hit an all-time low as the Reagan administration imposed an embargo on Libyan oil sales to the United States and an almost total ban on US exports to Libya, charging that Libya was supporting terrorist and subversive activities. Though Canadians stopped two some of their jobs, including those of teachers at Tripoli's International School, Americans are still in great demand to manage the nationalized oil fields.

Increasingly, the country has cash problems. Due to falling demand, oil production slumped early this year to 600,000 barrels a day. It is now about



Large Khadafi posters are everywhere.

1.8 million but still a far cry from the \$1 million barrels a day produced in 1980. One Spanish building contractor complains, "They have not paid my company in months and now they are offering me oil. What am I going to do with 1,000 barrels of crude?" With total oil revenue likely to be less than half the \$24 billion of 1980, Libya is more than \$2 billion in arrears on its debts to

Western Europe. Major projects are stalled. All car imports have been halted—a blow to young Libyans who make city driving a bloodcurdling experience. Virtually all shops and businesses are now state-run, with predictable results: shortages are frequent in the state supermarkets. For a word months' scarcity, meat, butter and cheese were nearly impossible to find. Illegal fruit markets flourish around Tripoli schools.

While the shortages are an irritant, the most resented feature of Khadafi's rule is the calling up of youngsters to military duty for indefinite periods. Admittedly, one 18-year-old "I have deserted twice. I served 12 months without leave near the Egyptian border. It was terrible. There was no proper medical attention and poor food supplies. There's no way I will go back to do there."

In many ways Tripoli has the appearance of a capital at bay. Military installations are numerous. Since private business is banned and the younger men are in the barracks, the old rule marked no longer bears with life. Along the coast, massive batteries are lodged amid the sand dunes. During the summer schoolchildren went off to camps where they practiced some drills. Rumors with a sinister ring to Western ears—COMMITTEES EVERYWHERE REPRESENTATION IS A FALSIFICATION OF DEMOCRACY.

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Amounts shown for 150 ml (5.1 oz.) glass	PROTEIN (GRAMS)	CARBOHYDRATE (GRAMS)	FAT (GRAMS)
WHOLE MILK	8	12	8 (3.5%)
2% MILK	9	12	5 (2%)
ORANGE JUICE FROM PROTEIN CONCENTRATE (UNSWEETENED)	2	31	1000
CANNED APPLE JUICE (UNSWEETENED)	0.000	32	1000
FLAVOUR CRYSTALS	0.000	37	1000
COLA	0.000	35	1000

SOURCE: "Nutrient Value of Some Common Foods" Health and Welfare Canada.

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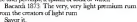
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Khadafi's enemies would gladly rid themselves of him, but he is well protected. Among his bodyguards is a posse of pretty young girls bearing Kalashnikov rifles. "Victory belongs to the eagle," exclaims Khadafi. But many of his people wish he would come down to earth and let them peacefully enjoy the fruits of the desert sands. ☐



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## Saboteurs still at large

Assuming that ecology and pacifism are law, British Columbia Hydro did not bother setting guards around its controversial new substation on Vancouver Island. So a group of saboteurs easily slipped through a fence and installed more than 100 kg of dynamite at the base of four

resistors in the middle of the night on May 30. At about 1:30 a.m. the 50-volt substation exploded into scrap, and the hunt was soon on for the perpetrators (*Midweek's*, June 14). But more than three months later, despite diligent police work and a \$125,000 reward offered by B.C. Hydro, the Mounties

have nothing to show for their pains.

RCMP investigators do not suspect any high-profile members of the respectable environmental groups that have publicly opposed Hydro's new Chocoma-Dunsmuir transmission line as a needless, \$1-billion expense since it was first proposed in 1970. But the police will not rule out the possibility that the guilty ones might be among the less-famous fringe of such groups. "The problem that we have," says Insp. Ed Wilson of Parksville, who is directing a five-man team investigating the explosion 50 km north of Nanaimo, "is that as the fringe of these groups—perhaps attending only one meeting, maybe not demonstrating members—is this rather world of people. Because they don't have a specific cause you never hear about them in the paper, yet they're there and they're dangerous." His men have interviewed members of all the obvious environmental lobbies—"most of these people wouldn't hurt a fly"—and they have narrowed their list of suspects to what Wilson considers a manageable number.

The Mounties have received discouragingly few leads from the public. They

*'Because they don't have a specific cause you never hear about them, yet they're there and they're dangerous'*

tend to discount an anonymous phone call to Vancouver radio station CKSW on the day of the bombing that suggested that a cell of 37 members was involved in the sabotage. The RCMP is far more interested in a manifesto from a group claiming responsibility for the dynamiting the letter, published in *The Vancouver Sun*, derided capitalism, communism and industrial development in general. The letterhead said DIRECT ACTION, the name taken by French extremists who bombed offices of the World Bank in Paris five days later. But so far no direct link between the two blunts has emerged.

Because the dynamite displayed such focus at the Dunsmuir substation is blowing up the four short resistors, an oil storage shed and a 50-ton crane, Wilson is convinced they are experts. And he admits that some of his opinions are based on results of his inquiries about dynamite that has been stolen in the Pacific Northwest. Meanwhile, B.C. Hydro has hired more contract guards to beef up security. Despite the damage, Dunsmuir is expected to be completed on schedule by October, 1983. —PAUL GREIGER in Vancouver.

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## CITY SCENE

# Death of a dream

By Maggie Higgins

When the City of Toronto Planning Board set aside 15 minutes one night last spring to hear deputations about the final plan for the Treflan Court area, it was expected that the usual swirl of noisy, cross and well-informed activists from the "hippies" east-end neighborhood would turn up. But one did, and so far not a word of protest has been heard leading up to the plan's scheduled appearance before city council this fall. In this case the residents' silence signalled a rather pathetic end to a 17-year community battle that fundamentally changed the political process in Toronto—and in many cities across the country—by setting a pattern of citizen participation at city hall.

The silence meant that the dream of Treflan as a downtown community, where working-class people could rent or buy affordable housing, had died. War torn being a victim of urban blight, Treflan has become a fashionable area for rich couples and singles, some of whom live in \$300,000 houses that not long ago housed two families, each with a half-down kid.

For the remaining oldtimers the change has brought some good with the bad: their property values have soared. But the veterans now feel like outsiders in their own neighborhood. "We used to sit on the veranda and talk to the people we knew as they walked by," says Edna Dixon, who has lived in Treflan since 1953. "Now the streets are deserted." Says Edward Bivins, an oldtimer for the area: "I think the story of Treflan Court is a minor tragedy."

The debate over crowded housing conditions in Toronto's inner neighborhoods is not a new one. Critics first surfaced in the early 1960s, and by the 1960s urban planners, most of whom designed the older part of the city, assumed that the affluent would move to the suburbs and leave the care for commercial, office and industrial use, and that the working class would inhabit the only housing left—which, at least, would be upgraded. During the years that followed, politicians arbitrarily decided that the old neighborhoods would be bulldozed and that modern, elite communities would be built in their place. By the mid-70s, the public-

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housing developments of Regent Park  
and South, also in the east end,  
had been completed. But Trafana had  
been granted a temporary reprieve be-  
cause of a dispute concerning the future  
of the federally owned *Old Building* at  
Queen and Bessie streets. In 1965,  
however, Trafana Court residents were  
told that their time had come, that their  
houses would be expropriated and rased  
as had those of former Regent Park re-  
sidents. A combination of public housing  
and light industry would be built.

Unlike Regent Park residents,  
though, Trafana Court dwellers re-  
belled. They had heard horror stories of  
homeowners in other "blighted" neigh-  
borhoods who had had their homes ex-  
propriated for ridiculously low prices.  
In Regent Park North, for example, the  
city paid an average of only \$2,500 per  
house. Edith Davis remembers how ter-  
rified her neighbors were. "We knew  
that there would be no way we could buy  
another house with the money the city  
was going to give us." Nor did the in-

**In Regent Park North  
the city had paid  
an average of only  
\$2,700 per house it was  
expropriating**

side in the area want to live in public  
housing, in which there were few vacan-  
cies at any rate.

The new shape of Toronto's civic poli-  
tics in the '60s brought the Trafana re-  
sidents their first ray of hope. In 1968 the  
city hired sociologist Margareta Reja  
Davis as a relocation officer, the first of  
a number of young, highly educated ac-  
tivists (together was John Sewell, who  
later became mayor of Toronto) who or-  
ganized and politicized the community.  
Yet it was the residents who did the  
work. "We couldn't begin to figure out  
how many hours we put in," says Barb  
Dawson, a houseowner on Bessie Street.  
"We attended way more than 100 meetings."

The efforts were rewarded: residents  
tailed city council into temporarily  
slowing the expropriation plans. They  
were then ignored by municipal politi-  
cians for the next four years, the state  
of anxiety heightened by uncertainty  
about whether or not their houses would  
be torn down. Decisions to spend money  
to improve properties were postponed  
once more.

In 1969 a reform council was elected  
to city hall (including David Crombie,  
John Sewell, Karl Jaffary) with a  
young planner, Howard Cohen, joining

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**FINAL DECREE**

by George Jonas (co-author  
of *THE PHIBSON LINK*)



the group in 1959 Cohen worked with a  
committee of politicians and ethicists,  
thrusting out a plan acceptable to both.  
Basically, the community would remain  
intact, the unviable homes restored,  
and the totally dilapidated ones torn  
down and replaced with buildings com-  
patible with the neighborhood. Most  
important, with the aid of government  
subsidies, these would be available to  
low- and moderate-income families to  
rent or buy. It was a remarkable defeat.  
In fact, primarily because of the oppo-  
sition of Trafana Court and other down-  
town residents, the promise of Ontario  
changed the Expropriation Act to re-  
ject a "home-for-a-home" principle.

The Achilles heel of the plan was  
that the refurbishment of Trafana de-  
pendent for funds on the federal govern-  
ment's Control Mortgage and Housing  
Corp. (CMHC), an agency that was not  
caught up in the spirit pervading Trafana  
Court. Although the city repur-  
posed the construction of 17 so-called  
new houses, these stood empty for more  
than two years while CMHC officials and  
Trafana activists frayed over the de-  
tails of ownership—CMHC was refusing  
to grant outright ownership. Finally, in  
1975, the residents prevailed.

Some of the houses were sold (the rest  
were rented) for between \$21,900 and  
\$29,500, with cities providing 35-year  
mortgages at eight per cent. But there  
was a catch. The government retained  
ownership of the land, so the new  
owners could not buy it—they could  
only rent it—and they could not sell  
their houses at a profit. Says Paul Rin-  
ger, the city's community renewal pro-  
gram manager: "That broke the back of  
the Trafana Court neighborhood." Nur-  
ma Gusselstein, a member of the city, had spent  
two miserable years in a small, broken-  
down house waiting for her new Trafana  
house. When she received her first  
municipal tax bill, after she was finally  
settled in her dream house, it dashed  
her as a tenant, not as owner. "I was  
heartbroken," she recalls bitterly. "I  
had wanted something to pass down to  
my children. After all that fighting, all  
I am in a glorified tenant."

During the '70s there was something  
even more troubling at work that under-  
mined the Trafana dream. White-  
papers moved in, and property values  
soared. Many tenants could no longer  
afford the rents and moved out. Many  
homeowners found they did not have  
the cash to bring their houses up to city  
standards and they sold them to de-  
velopers. As well, federal government  
money was not only spread thinly but it  
was drying up. Eventually, various lev-  
els of government did spend \$10 million,  
and about 126 units of nonprofit or co-  
operative housing were constructed.  
But, says Ringer, "that represents at

best only 25 per cent of the housing in  
Trafana, including a 40-unit home for  
senior citizens which has not been built  
yet."

Today Trafana is a vastly changed  
neighborhood, but much different from  
the one imagined in the dreams of the  
optimists. Recently, private developers  
completed a 28-town house complex. The  
three-bedroom houses, almost all of  
which are occupied, rent for between  
\$65 and \$90 a month. Margaret Le-  
May glances at the complex from her  
house, one of the original 17 financed by

CMHC, and says, "I hope they didn't  
build that long brick wall to separate  
them, the rich, from us, the poor."

At one Christmas party in the '80s, 12  
children from one dead-end street  
lined up, not one child from three new  
Barb Dawson says that the new people  
"just nod, although they sometimes  
smile and are polite." There is little  
community involvement, which may be  
why no one showed up at the planning  
board meeting. The longtime residents  
have given up, and the new ones are  
entirely satisfied. ☐

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# A tune from the nickelodeon



By Charles Board

**M**ost of your readers will have sensed that they were being given a favored caricature of Inco and the international mineral market in Mich. Lewis' Podium piece *Why Inco Must Be Nationalized*, in the July 23 issue of *Maclean's*. Mr. Lewis is a Sudbury-based freelance journalist, well-known to us for his numerous Inco-related articles of the past, and we question his qualifications as a commentator on the international marketplace.

For example, a key statement in Mr. Lewis' article is that Inco was debt-free in 1972 and now owes \$1.1 billion. He also charges that "Inco's profits in recent years have been invested everywhere but in Canada." In fact, Inco's debt in 1972 exceeded \$500 million. This money, as well as profits, was used to finance an investment program of more than \$1 billion undertaken in Ontario and Manitoba from 1967 to 1972. Inco has continued to invest in Canada, but 40% indeed invest outside Canada for two reasons: because Canadian nickel supplies were seen to be inadequate to meet market demand, and to diversify the company's revenue sources so as to be less dependent on the world metal cycle.

Regrettably, there is no basis for any assumption that Inco's shareholders have realized more from Inco's Canadian operations than others. For example, from 1970 to 1980 the tax take from Inco by Canadian governments increased from \$54 million to \$360 million, or by 382 per cent, and our Canadian anti-trust workers' hourly wage rates and related fringe benefits increased from \$5 million to \$15 million, or by some 200 per cent. About 50 per cent of Inco's revenues are derived from products sold outside Canada. Thus, Inco makes a truly massive contribution to Canada's balance of payments: \$1.1 billion in 1981, or more than \$4 billion in the past five years. In the same period, from 1970 to 1980, Inco shareholders' dividends declined from \$1.45 in 1970 to 81 cents in 1980, or by 45 per cent.

Canadians have not generally been in favor of the nationalization of industry, and Mr. Lewis's economic rationale is not likely to persuade Canadians that nickel and Inco should be an exception. Apart from anything else, it would be hard to convince the average Canadian taxpayer—who earns a good deal less than the average Inco worker—that he

should pick up losses in order to maintain jobs and wages. The Lewis proposal also faces difficulties in terms of his own objective of maintaining higher levels of production and employment.

Governments everywhere are running out of money, and taxpayers, out of patience. There is greater recognition that large government deficits such as those in Canada and the United States are the principal villain, causing the current painfully high interest rates. These in turn have deepened the recession and contributed to the job losses which concern us all.

There is no more graphic example of what can happen to government-supported industrial losses than the current position of the steel industry in the European Community (EC). Every state-owned producer in the EC has been losing money and is being forced into massive and permanent layoffs far beyond what is being faced by Canadian

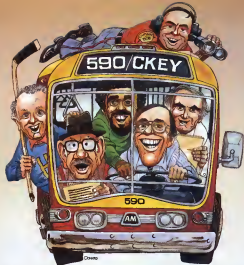
steel producers can after that reality. This economic reality has made Canadiana poorer. The situation will change only where world demand increases and then only if Canadian production is cost competitive.

The "We saw dramatic and uniform development" with the explosion of energy prices. Companies, unions and governments were all led to make mistakes. The question for Canadians is, what are we going to do about it? Do we think we can stand the degree of confrontation between business, labor and government that has developed over the past decade? Can we cope with the tough international economic environment if we do not do a much better job of working together in the future?

The thinking underlying some of Mr. Lewis's comments is not encouraging from this point of view. His position appears to be that Inco's losses are always management's fault. He would be denied the offered if a member of Inco management were to propose the nationalization of the United States Workers of America local in Sudbury. The complaint would be that capitalist management was trying to eliminate unions. But Mr. Lewis is obviously not offended by suggesting the same fate for Inco as a private enterprise company. Most Canadians believe we need both free trade zones and free enterprise companies. People who suggest eliminating us or the other, no matter how genuine their feelings may be, do not contribute to this need to work together and adjust together.

Canadians have been told that they should be enhanced of being just "share" of wind and diversify of water—the image projected by those who are negative to the resource base of the Canadian economy. They have also been told they are not risk takers. Yet there are few industrial enterprises with more sophisticated technology and international security risks for investors than those in the internationally exposed mineral resource sector. Canadian workers, experienced geologists, knowledgeable metallurgists and risk-oriented management and innovation. With the industry comes today's stability, understanding from governments, realism and a problem-solving approach from both management and unions.

Charles Board is the chairman of Inco Ltd.



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## CANADA

# Converts to the 6/5 cause

By Susan Riley

When Ontario's perpetually pink-cheeked premier, William Davis, rose in the legislature last week to announce a comprehensive program of public sector wage controls, there were few signs of shocked protest. Indeed, the only outrage in evidence was distinctly pro-Davis. As Davis droned on, the editorial "the editor of the legislative hall was penetrated by the sound of a fire engine's siren" some 6,000 public servants outside had burned him in effigy, then tossed their picket signs into the Mass. But, however fiery the protest, Davis was only confirming what had been rumored for months in the open language of the streets: Ontario was following in the footsteps of Quebec and the federal Six-Five handorgans.

The news was gleefully received in Ottawa by the new finance minister, Marc Lalonde—and surprisingly, it rewarded the third major victory for his government in his second week on the job. Earlier, Quebec announced that it was dropping down harder on its public servants' salaries, and in British Columbia, Premier William Bennett was so confident of the popularity of his wage-control program that he was preparing to call an election on the issue.

Then, at week's end, Nova Scotia Premier John Buchanan joined the movement, announcing a six-per-cent limit on wage increases for all public employees. Meanwhile, in Toronto, more and more were left spluttering in inept protest. "We're willing to carry our share of the burden, but not the whole load," said Steve O'Brien, president of the Ontario Public Service Employees Union.

*Davis burned in effigy (above) and Montreal sacrificial civil servants*



Ironically, until recently Premier Davis was saying the same thing—that nothing out the public sector was "inequitable." Instead, he wanted Ottawa to impose national across-the-board wages and price controls. But, last week, with polls showing widespread support for wage curbs and mounting resentment and alarm about Ontario's 480,000 jobless, Davis had to act. "It is time the public sector made some sacrifices," said Treasurer Frank Miller.

Neither Davis nor Miller argue that squeezing public servants will create any immediate jobs in the private sector—or make much of a dent in the province's own deficit. What is important, said Miller, is not the numbers but the "psychology." "We have to give the citizen-chooser some hope that their government is doing something."

The government program will restrict salary increases for 500,000 public sector workers—in government, hospitals, universities, schools and social service agencies—to five per cent over roughly the next year. To sweeten the medicine the government also promised to try to keep some regulated prices down to five per cent—particularly tuition fees, the cost of natural gas and electricity has risen. However, for major expenses—food, fuel and housing—no

relief was promised, nor is it expected. And that offered little comfort to such people as Sam Villano, a 59-year-old electrician at Queens Community College, outside Toronto. Villano earns \$13,200 and expects to see an anticipated \$1,200 raise next year almost totally wiped out by a 34-per-cent increase in his rent. "I don't need about the house," he says, "but my gas per cent is worth a lot less than my bank's."

But what worries critics more than the salary squeeze is the prohibition of collective bargaining during the one-year restraint period. More than 400 university professors, on picket lines in Windsor, Ont., last week were caught with one foot in the hubbub and one foot on the floor by the Davis announcement, which, overnight, made their strike futile. Jan Vitaras, an assistant professor at the University of Windsor, says that it was not wages that drove his colleagues to the streets in the first place, but a summary issue—the "bodying teachers" of the university's neophytes. "People on our campuses were reduced to tears," the professor stated in his month, "they kept us up all one night howling."

Last weekend, as unions were carefully studied, there were some signs of brewing rebellion. Teachers were talking about wildcats, and police unions plan to challenge the restraint program in the courts. But within the ranks there appeared to be more prudence than fire-breathed rage.

Meanwhile, on the other side, there is some harmony as Ontario Tories, Quebec Progressives, B.C. Socialists, Nova Scotia Conservatives and their respective arch-enemies in Ottawa all preach similar sermons from different pulpits. In Vancouver, Premier Bennett threatened personally last week to wreck a six-per-cent settlement from his 40,000 employees. And, in his latest effort to tie employees, Quebec proposed a 1982 wage freeze followed by a maximum of three-to-five-per-cent increases over the next two years.

Ottawa's Frank Miller, who has had suitable private conversations about wage restraint with both Jacques Parizeau of Quebec and Marc Lalonde, believes that the federal restraint is not inherently opposed to mandatory controls, regardless of his public stance. In fact, readers at Queen's Park are predicting that, by spring, if economic indicators have not improved, public servants across the country will no longer be able to claim they are already being singled out—every worker in the country may be tagged, as the cult of Six-Five blossoms into a full-fledged religion.

With Al Taylor in Victoria and Anne Davies in Montreal.

## QUEBEC

# A Lazarus rises to run again

It had been common political wisdom that Montmorerie would never elect a mayor with warts and electoral problems. So it was with shivering hearts that the opposition parties witnessed Jean Drapais' rise before the start of the city council's meeting last week to announce, in flowery phrases, that he would indeed be running as the Civic Party candidate for an eighth term of (and trust) as mayor.

Kangaroo has city in suspension since a stroke last July, the 66-year-old mayor named before Montmorerie in the manner of a political Lazarus. No ordinary politician could seriously consider re-election given the very state of Montmorerie's economy. Yet, as an entrepreneur with warring monies, Drapais is no ordinary politician. "To attack Drapais the man is taboo," says Gaspard Poirier, a former mayor who was reduced to tears by the opposition Montreal Action Group (MAG). "It may be tempting, but we can't do it." Instead of rebelling, the mayor's political return to public life, MAG mayoral candidate Henri-Paul Vigneault suggests helpfully, "Mr. Drapais preferred to put his life in danger than let the Civic Party go down to almost certain defeat."

The opposition parties are left to hope that Montmorerie decide the best thing they can do for the city is to let the man who put his own life for his own good. But the failure of MAG and the third municipal party, the Montreal Citizens Movement (MCM), to win a coalition guarantees the end of win-splitting that will almost certainly propel Drapais to victory on Oct. 24. Vigneault, the former chief of police, who worked in August in order to run, has been able to give no better explanation for his support but that the fact that it is a logical progression from his old post. And Jean Desautels, the 57-year-old labor lawyer and MCM candidate who shows the most promise in the field, is just young and fresh enough to make him a logical alternative in 1984.

The Civic Party in Drapais's absence has not devoted its full preoccupation for election day. Jackmanians are leaning at city street, a sure sign of political concern. The city administration has steadily whittled away at his per capita

share—it is down from \$1,124 in 1978 to \$900 in 1981—and, in a wordy feast of three-year mechanisms, actually prepared a budget surplus. The mayor's urban renewal project, Operation 10,000 Dwellings, has recently been renamed Operation 20,000 Dwellings. The Civic Party's draft budget, to be dropped a mere 15 days before election day, promises to include a property tax freeze for 1982. And while the city has slashed its recreation budget, a round of television ads is now promoting recreation facilities.

The municipal council of most politicians have never affiliated Drapais. He has certainly escaped trouble by his repeated recourse to medi-

cating an acquiescent—declining to fund the city water because the city water because it restricted an invasion of privacy, or refusing to fund a new ethics code because the document would simply ignore it. By a more recent personal brush with authority the mayor decided he would fight a Quebec revenue department income tax assessment for \$5,397 that he declined between 1968 and 1972 in order to keep a low office. Drapais argues that he needed the office because there was no security in the mayor's chair, although he cracked up two sweeping election majorities in the 1960s, and he was elected to the 1976 Olympic committee named by Quebec Judge Albert Malouf meant to be slipped out of view—along with Drapais's presence on June 12, 1968, of an actual national committee "with quotes, illustrations and charts." It is his investigation of how come for the 1976 Olympics meant to be \$1.6 billion from the projected \$180 million. Malouf singled out Drapais for "the greater part of the blame."

Such misadventures do not seem to weigh heavily on Montmorerie, however. "Remember, there are no bastions behind 1,000," Drapais, the baseball fan, likes to remind them, and still branding his critics as parasites. In 1976, Drapais, Anne Drapais will probably again defy all odds. After all, his unwavering insistence on the city's greatness is one of the few uplifting messages that Montmorerie has these days.

—IAN ANDERSON in Montreal



Drapais: civic duty



Fire Chief Ron Horvath and Mayor Wallace try to negotiate or talk to firefighters  
NOVA SCOTIA

## Guerrilla war at city hall?

**H**atfield's 197,282 residents could be accused of a little sense of 0-9-9-1, but last week as the city's 242 firemen traded in their fire hoses for pocket signs—the second time in three years that they have done so. It was not just that the firemen were on strike again. It was that their complaints—about city administrators who would not negotiate and city fathers who would not talk to them—were the same ones that prompted the many 56-day policemen's strike in 1981 and a bitter six-month garbage-men's dispute that led the city to contract out garbage disposal earlier this year.

Officially, the firemen's strike is about wages and overtime, but the underlying issue is dispute it who will run the city—Mayor Ron Wallace and his 12-member elected council, the appointed city manager and his senior staff or the city's unions? About the only thing any of them can agree on now is that recent union squabbles have given Hatfield what Deputy Mayor Dave Miley calls a seasonal "black eye."

Joe Ratt, the head of the powerful Police Association of Nova Scotia, which represents most of the province's organized police forces, says that Hatfield's current approach to labor relations is the "absolute, total wrong." He has seen in 16 years of running his union, "City staff" Ratt complains, "come into what is supposed to be a bargaining session and they say, 'Here it is. It's done. Take it or leave it.' They don't know how to negotiate." During both the

police strike and the current firemen's strike, he notes, city officials turned down offers of binding arbitration. Ratt says City Manager Paul Gault and labor relations boss Mildred Royer, who negotiates for the city, are intransigent. He claims that Royer, who previously represented a provincial nurses' union for two years, "is so totally inexperienced she didn't let her job to break the unions." But Ratt also blames the mayor. "He thinks that by using the strike, by appearing to hold the line and be tough, he can win votes."

For his part, Mayor Wallace, a former Liberal M.L.A., says that "in times of restraint" the city simply cannot afford to meet the union's demand for a wage increase that would bring salaries from \$28,000 to \$35,700, and he insists that most residents support his stand.

Unlike the 1982 police strike, which resulted in a first-year wage of \$40,000 and pay raises, there were few first-year raises—and only sporadic concessions—between striking firemen and their replacements (16 management personnel and 300 volunteers). Both sides seemed settled in for what is expected to be a long standoff. From the sidelines union leader Ratt watched, waited and quietly noted that Hatfield policemen will be returning to the bargaining table in a little more than a year. Says Ratt, "If the situation hasn't changed at city hall—man, we are going to have a guerrilla war down there by now."

—STEPHEN KIMBER in Halifax

NEW BRUNSWICK

## The emperor's old clothes

**M**ore Berk has been a tailor in Fredericton for 35 years. One morning last summer he was working in his second-floor shop on downtown George Street, when, almost at the same moment, Premier Richard Hatfield and provincial Liberal leader Douglas Young both arrived carrying suits to be repaired. Evidently by New Brunswick's down-home standards the change meeting was a coincidence. Although it produced an unseemly dialogue—"They said 'Hello,' and that's all," recalls Berk—it did suggest frugal times ahead in the province—and a mutual desire of servant and potential future employers not to be caught without clothes.

Last week Hatfield and Young, neatly attired and accompanied for the Oct. 15 provincial election, met again, this time as they headed into the Oct. 15 provincial election for a live television debate featuring the leaders of New Brunswick's four political parties. "I saw you yesterday in Hatfield," said Hatfield to Young, who had indeed been vote-seeking in the premier's home riding. "Yes," replied the Crit leader with comparable calm. "Nice place to visit."

Such surface cordiality conceals the deep mutual enmity of both major parties as the accelerating campaign reaches its final fortnight. For Liberals, 22 long years of Hatfield rule and the premier's deft handling of politically threatening figures, such as the British spinster venture and a political kick-back scandal, have frustrated them to the point of anger. The Tories have barely been reluctant to portray Young as a man seriously driven by his own ambition, once as Richard and the Liberal leader's apparent leading role in forcing his predecessor, Joseph Daigle, from office last November.

New Brunswick's 460,000 voters, as well, appear sharply divided on the leaders, and with the critic's tarantulas (he has been called "the ruler of the roaches") looks like a repeat of 1975's squabble, which Hatfield captured by just two seats. This time the 35-year-old hatcher is holding for a kind of New Brunswick immortality. Already the province's longest-serving Tory premier, he will, if he wins again, become the most durable prime of any stripe, replacing Andrew Blair, who founded the provincial Liberal party and served from 1960 to 1968.

But to Richard Young, a fire-bullet victim at a leadership convention in February, is most on beginning a

winning streak of his own—a small task considering that he is his party's fourth leader in the past dozen years. The 48-year-old lawyer's biggest problem, say, in fact, be his own brain surgery, which crystallized during last fall's insurance but was not much earlier.

In the mid-1970s, for instance, the then recent law school graduate started the first brain surgery by attempting to take over the party presidency—and almost succeeding. Then, in 1978, he grabbed the nomination out of the hands of a long-standing Liberal incumbent in the Truro riding, as the province's most, and thus won his first seat in the legislature. Mindful that these deals have produced enemies, once within his own party, Young drew a revealing parallel early in the current campaign. He recalled that hockey's Stan Mikita, once "one of the dirtiest" players in the National Hockey League, later registered a

winning streak of his own—the NDP's George Little and the separatist-minded Parti Acadien's Loucas Blanchard, both of whom parties are still seeking their first representation in the legislature.

Rifled as a New Brunswick "debate" involving provincial leaders, the CBC event in fact resembled a four-sided press conference. The only host came from the studio lights, in a TV auditorium posed up questions and the leaders responded without cut or thrust. Hatfield did announce a reprieve for nine months, as a cost of \$2 million to the provincial treasury, 500 men at the big high school gym, and some 1,000 men from New Brunswick will stay at work for another six months instead of being laid off less than three weeks after the election. Young, in turn, softened his previously stated intention to end the province's controversial prison-badness away program in four years.

Perhaps for the same reason, constituency races loom large in this election. At least a dozen of the races are in swing constituencies that could fall to either major party. One riding that deeply troubles the Liberals is Compton, adjacent to sprawling Canadian Forces Base Gagetown, where Crit incumbent Leroy Walburn narrowly retained his constituency—an apparent reflection of grassroots discontent growing out of Walburn's support for Daigle's ouster last November. And the Conservatives have a strong candidate in retired army captain Joe Monahan, who hopes to exploit in the district. But the Tories have their own concern about the fortunes of Finance Minister Fernand Dubé in the volatile riding of Campbellton. Both parties also fear that the NDP may finally win its first seat in Tantramar, near the Nova Scotia border, where Robert Hall,



Shuffled, Hatfield, Young and Liberals debate then a press conference

though for sportsmanlike conduct. "When it was necessary to be tough, I have been," said Young. "When I have to be seen, I see it."

Young, a gift and self-assured former radio announcer, might have been a choice to show his tough side again in a TV debate taken place as originally proposed by the privately owned Atlantic Telenews Network (ATN)—a one-on-one confrontation between the Liberal and Conservative leaders, just a few days before the vote. But the premier, hardly a Dale Carnegie at the podium, balked at the proposed confines of the New Democratic Party and Parti Acadien leaders and the lack of simultaneous translations. Privately, his aides also worried that the NDP debate would have more to do to repair any damage that their move might have incurred. The car crash landed into the breach with a forecast contrasting not only Hat-

field since among the four leaders put his fastest bilingualism as display Little, meanwhile, denounces the "mega-bureaucracy" of nuclear centralization as Part 1999, and Blanchard called for decentralization of government offices—including relocating some of them to francophone villages in depressed northern New Brunswick. After the hour-long TV program, the candidates resumed more familiar rituals of New Brunswick electioneering. Hatfield left for a meet-the-candidate session at a nearby shopping mall, and Young attended a Liberal rally at the time, near Moncton. Much of these events seemed more appropriate in a province in which accessibility and personal contact remain the essence of politics.

major of the village of Port Lorne, fell just 35 votes short in 1978.

But the Young-Hatfield battle clearly overshadowed these local skirmishes. In a face-off of images, the confrontation put the challenger's smooth confidence against the incumbent's often-stumbling stoicism. At a University of New Brunswick banquet session last week, the premier was asked to list the reasons why his government should be supported. Hatfield noted the political blarney until a week, possibly tongue-in-cheek, shouted, "leadership." Replied Hatfield: "Thank you for prompting me there and helping me overcome my modesty." It is this patina of innocent charm that has earned Hatfield voter forgiveness for a multitude of sins, including his frequent trudge away from his cherished New Brunswick it may again. —DAVID FOLSTER in Fredericton



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COVER

# Anguish in the Diaspora

By Mazzi McDonald

Toronto was already smothering through the grim crowd of 1,500 Jews gathered outside the Carrot high school in Paris' *Châteaue de la Concorde*. On the pavement glass shards still glittered, a reminder of the car bomb that had ripped apart the white Peugeot of Arieh Mandel, director of Israel's military purchasing office in France, four days earlier, leaving him and 46 others gravely wounded. But when Haim Hagiberg, president of Jewish Renewal, which had called for the demonstration—stepped to the microphone, he spoke of another tragedy. "After the carnage of the Palestinian camps of Sabra and Shatila," he began, "it appears that the Israelis did not interfere. Yasak! [the army] has failed to fulfil its mission of maintaining order."

Hagiberg never finished that phrase. In an explosion of tears, snots and puffed debris, the man drove him off the stage. Members of Beirut, the militant youth wing of Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin's party, scoffed, with left-wing Jews who objected to their chants of "Begin and Shimon, we are with you." As French police battled to contain the melee, Hagiberg was led away lamenting, "There is some truth which Jews find difficult to hear."

That bitter face-off was a microcosm of the rage and anguish that swept Jewish communities around the world last week as the severed footage of blasted corpses and the litany of disturbing admissions rolled in from Beirut and Jerusalem. The 11 million children of the Diaspora of the House of David found themselves rent asunder by the same terrifying questions and recriminations that split Israel

itself in the dark dawning of Rosh Hashanah, the 57th Jewish New Year. In the week of repentance, the holiest week of the Jewish calendar, a people whose life sentences of existence has become synonymous with veneration suddenly found itself accused of having blood on its hands.

For many in that community, increasingly torn over Israel's policies in general and the invasion of Lebanon in particular, the charges were a cruel twist on Jewish history and a moral challenge. From London, Lord Mincroft, a pillar of the Zionist community and former vice-president of the Board of Deputies of British Jews, asked Hagiberg "By these and other actions connected with the siege of Beirut, you have tarnished the proud name of the Jewish people and beset the fundamental principles of our great nation. Many of us, Zionists and lovers of the people of Israel as we will always be, will never forgive you for it." In New York Bill Weiss, the United States' pre-eminent Jewish writer and a survivor of a Nazi death camp, lamented, "This is the worst and darkest Rosh Hashanah for me since World War II."

But the self-incrimination was bolstered by support. Leaders of the Jewish establishment in both North America and Europe cautiously rallied to Israel's defense. They were led by Howard Spearman, president of the American Jewish Congress, and Rabbi Gershon Haim of Toronto's Holy Blossom Temple, who had earlier denounced Canadian Jews for criticizing the invasion of Lebanon. Purged out of fear of washing Judaism's dirty laundry in public, they called for a judicial inquiry and urged their congregations not to jump to conclusions about Israel's guilt. The question of whether to speak out against Jewish leadership is a conundrum as ancient as the prophets themselves. And if the issue of the

Straw: Paris protest against Beirut massacre; Begin: 'There is some truth which Jews find difficult to hear'

massacre was painful for Jews in Israel, the dilemma faced by their co-religionists in the Diaspora was even more acute because self-criticism might so easily fuel the growing flames of anti-Semitism. The question divided national Jewish communities, friends and even families. When Jewish Ceter, the McGill law professor who is president of the Canadian Jewish Congress, sent a telegram to Israeli leaders last week demanding an independent judicial inquiry into the slaughter, he was harrowed with calls from far-right Jews attacking even that measured response. One of his critics was his own wife. Arieh Ceter arrived on his campus to try to talk him out of his decision only to stumble upon a demonstration denouncing Israel for Nazism. "To her," he ruefully admits, "it was proof his argument was valid."

Those who believe, with Menachem Begin, that criticism of Israel is complicity in Jewish victimization could point to mounting evidence for their view last week. In Bogotá, Colombia, a terrorist group machine-gunned the Israeli ambassador's residence, injuring his wife. In Italy, a suicide bomber, having all 111 A1 rights for a week and the unleashing of Israeli boots in the port of Lebanon. In France the Communist Party killed 10,000 innocent workers through Paris, Lille and Nancy, and there were scattered shouts of "Down with the Jews."

But for others self-criticism does not mean blind obedience to Menachem Begin's policies. Baruch Ben-Zion, president of the French section of the World Jewish Congress, "There is no existing degree of the infidelity of Israel." Indeed, for many Jews who recall Begin's violent history as the passionate fringes of the Zionist movement, it is not criticism that is lacking current anti-Semitism, but an own determined expatriation. "These people argue that he has succeeded in creating martyrs out of the Palestinian people and has robbed Israel of its respect on international opinion and of its vast moral majority." There is a danger of a growing fissure between the Diaspora and the state of Israel, warns British MP Leo Abba, who labels Begin a "false messiah."

Simon Reimer-Torn, a theatrical producer in Paris, agrees with Abba. "Some Jews like myself are going to say, 'All right, if this state that was set up to be the light of the world has become so corrupt and right wing and fascist, we aren't going to support it,'" she declared.

Like Reimer-Torn, a growing number of Diaspora Jews last week were calling for Begin's resignation. Others are in their critics of menaces the only attraction not only for Israel but for world Jewry. "Jews will only stay Jews if the bond with Israel is maintained," argues France's Hagiberg, "and it can only be maintained if we take part in the current debate in Israel. This stance policy is stupid. We must admit that Israel is a state like any other."

However, an admission that Begin's Israel has become such a state, averting its own eyes from the evil it has wrought, is hard for Jews to acknowledge for still another reason. They fear that it is a sign of a cancer that might ultimately eat away at the Jewish homeland from within, destroying the lauded for dream of a geographic repository for moral values that would serve as an international inspiration. Believer-Torn recalled the prophet who warned, unheeded, that the children of Israel's corrupt desire from the righteous path would bring about the destruction of Jerusalem's First Temple. Quoting from the Book of Isaiah, Chapter 3, Verse 15, she said: "O my people, they which lead these men thus to err and destroy the way of thy justice."

Last week the children of the Diaspora found a moral crisis that was intensely personal, not just one of nation or faith. For that reason it was only within the privacy of the individual heart that they could decide at Yom Kippur, The Day of Atonement when God commands the children of Israel to ask their enemies' forgiveness, what weight the sins of Sabra and Shatila would find in their eyes: collective confession, statement for sake of reconciliation "under duress or by choice, consciously or unconsciously, openly or secretly, in thought, word or deed."

With Michael Kantor in Washington, Anne Kruse in Montreal and David Halpern-Kantor in Toronto.

# Israel on trial

When it was finally made, the confession was stunning. Just seven days after Israel rolled its soldiers and tanks into Maslin West Beirut, asserting a stopgap version that it came to prevent bloodshed, hundreds of Palestinian men, women and children lay slaughtered in two refugee camps. As the gruesome details of the atrocities committed at Sabra and Shatila spilled out, Israel and the world clamored for an explanation. Then, Israeli Defense Minister Ariel Sharon made a startling admission. Before a stony session of the Knesset he acknowledged that Israeli officers had led wrongful Lebanese Christian militiamen onto the camps, where they carried out the massacre. The outrage in Beirut, and the apparent attempt, at a coverup in Jerusalem, left the government of Israeli Premier Menachem Begin isolated as never before. At home it was brought to the brink of collapse as Begin staved off demands from all sides for a full state inquiry into the slaughter. Two world government officials resigned, and demonstrators throughout Israel and the occupied territories took to the streets. Not only were there the customary scenes of Arab protests in the West Bank, staving Israeli troops, but the world also watched as Israeli police tear-gassed Israeli citizens who were protesting against their nation's presence in Beirut.

Above, the disappearance of sympathy for the Begin government was equally dramatic. The patience of Israel's staunchest ally, the United States, was obviously stretched to the limit as the Reagan administration considered support for Israel. Nations demanded for a full-scale inquiry into the massacre (page 36). Even the achievements of the Camp David accord, four years old last month, hung precariously in the balance, as Egypt, Israel's long neighbor in the Arab world, temporarily withdrew its ambassador to Israel.

With the Lebanese people left to pry the decaying bodies from the rubble, Italy, France and the United States decided to return their hastily withdrawn peacekeeping force, whose departure from West Beirut after the riotous days left a void that the Israelis quickly filled. By week's end French troops had landed and the rest of the beefed-up contingent was preparing to go ashore. As the full extent of the tragedy became

clear, Eugene expressed privately what many people around the world felt. Israel has been transformed from the Middle East's David into its Goliath.

There was a tragic irony in the decision to return U.S. troops to Beirut. The massacre might well have been avoided if the original force had not pulled out as soon as it did. The three-nation force originally went to Beirut on Aug. 23, as part of a deal for the evacuation of PLO guerrillas from Lebanon. The presence of the peacekeeping force was a crucial factor in convincing PLO leader Yasser Arafat that Palestinian civilians left behind would be safe from both the Israeli and Lebanese Christian forces. Arafat, in fact, insisted on firm guarantees that Christian militiamen would not be allowed into the camps because of the long history of bloodshed between the two factions in Lebanon.

## *The Israeli government refused to accept the blame for the slaughter, but it opposed a full-blown inquiry*

Still, the United States, which oversaw the withdrawal agreement, pulled out its forces as soon as the evacuation was completed, 11 days before its 28-day mandate had expired. Italy and France resisted against the early withdrawal, but, without U.S. support, they too decided to remove their troops. Tragically, Arafat's worst fears were borne out. Within days of the departure of the peacekeepers, Israeli forces moved into West Beirut, and the following day the slaughter began.

The grim search for bodies continued throughout last week as the refugee camps. By week's end rescue workers had counted 314 bodies and speculated that it was impossible to know how many more were buried under the rubble. Marcel Prizon, chief surgeon of the Lebanese Army, said that he would not be surprised if the toll exceeds 1,000. Said one Red Cross worker: "You pass a pile of rubble and you know from the smell there are bodies." As one helicopter rolled dirt on top of a mass grave of unclaimed corpses, it uncovered two more bodies in the dirt. But, if there was no clear idea how many had died, even less was known about the number of

people who were seized in the camps and taken away. Some indication of what might have happened occurred last Friday when 39 corpses were discovered in a sports stadium where Palestinians men were interrogated after the raids on the camps. The morning agony inflicted during the 36-hour ordeal became more starkly clear by the hour, as Marlowe's correspondent Helen Wright documented from Beirut. Her report:

"At 7:30 p.m. on Thursday, Sept. 16—the day the killings started—a middle-aged woman arrived at Amn, the Palestinian hospital on the outskirts of Shatila refugee camp, screaming out some of the first details of a massacre in the nearby forum. She said that 40 people were dead, including her husband and four children. Hospital administrator Hussein Ali Salhani said he turned down her request for ambulances because he had heard no substantiating reports from the local radio or other sources. Besides, there were too many other grievances, such as treating those who had been wounded during the Israeli takeover of the city a day earlier.

"An hour later Israeli warplanes flew over the three Palestinian camps on West Beirut's southern outskirts and began dropping flame-incinerators—that turn night into day and make hidden targets visible. The sudden light was accompanied by what Salhani and nurse Ghazi Mahamad claimed was a crackle of gunfire nearby. It was only then that they decided to check out the 'massacre,' sending refugees who had been seeking shelter at the hospital into the nearby city streets. The first victim to be carried out was a 12-year-old boy shot in the hand, leg and stomach. The second was a 16-year-old Palestinian with bullet wounds in his neck, chest and stomach. The third was a 70-year-old Lebanese man who had been hit by high-velocity bullets in the head and thigh. By then it was too dangerous for the untended victims to go out again to check for more.

"Mahamad still carries the frayed blue identification card of the 14-year-old, Wissam Mahamad, in a little purse around her neck. She told me that Lebanese Christian forces entered the hospital at noon on Friday and found him during a bed-to-bed search, pulled him up and kicked him along the hospital corridor, reopening his wounds. Mo-



Uncovering victims in Sabra camp: Israeli troops still on patrol in West Beirut; the world wanted an explanation



dominant died within hours, lying on a bed beside a grey wall with a hole that hospital staff claimed was made by a bullet that was first in itself—successfully—four At last count, 10 children, three doctors, one nurse (who was also reportedly raped) and six Syrian army administrators had been killed at Acre, and others are still missing.

"Like most of the information gathered so far, nothing is conclusive about the 30-hour siege at Sabra and Shatila, including the identity of the killer squads. Among the few marked anomalies, according to survivors, were those of the right-wing Lebanese Christian forces and the troops loyal to renegade Major Haddad. The Israeli army, who is boss of the southern enclave along the Israeli border known as West Beirut."

Unless some of these involved details are said, it seems unlikely that the exact makeup of the marauding force will ever be known. Indeed, it appears to have been an operation orchestrated to create calculated confusion, which has delayed both search and reaction. More unsettling, however, is Sharon's confirmation that the operation was meticulously planned in advance, with Israeli participation. Independent diplomatic investigations indicate that the militia members entered through a southwestern entrance to Shatila, only a few meters from the Israeli observation post. Survivors' descriptions, and confusion over the apparently changing identity of the attackers, suggest that what were more of attacks was dispatched in to the two camps. The area had been already been devastated by Israeli's three-month land, sea and air bombardment and by shelling during the week's lightning takeover of West Beirut.

Sharon's doubts were cast on Israeli claims not to have taken at least some thing of what was going on inside the camps. All activity on the streets is clearly visible from the observation post between Shatila and Sabra, even without binoculars. The reported human rights abuses, the killing of victims, particularly children, would have been easy to overlook.

Even more troubling was the fact that the 2,000 F16 guerrillas that the militia and the Israelis wanted to root from the camps had the right under the U.S.-designed peace plan to remain in

Lebanon because they held either Lebanese residence permits or UN identity cards. That threw into question the entire justification for the attack and subsequent measures.

In Israel itself, pressure was growing for the government to provide a fuller explanation of its role in the Shatila-Democratization spread across the country. The worst was in Nasserit, where 61 people were reported injured, 12 of them by gunfire. Many Israeli Arabs have relatives in West Beirut, and protests in Arab towns such as Dura, schools and businesses. Protesters carried signs among Begin of "blood-le-



French troops return to West Beirut: ended credibility

action. Mishael—renegade over Begin's refusal to call an inquiry. The director of the government's press office, Shlomo Chafetz, took a leave of absence, letting it be known that he was disgusted with the government's stance. Early last week it appeared that the government might actually face what two parties in the cabinet coalition threatened to do: reject and support an opposition motion calling for an inquiry. But Begin prevented the split, and the government defeated the motion 48 to 42 in what amounted to a vote of confidence. Instead of a full-scale inquiry, Begin announced that there would be an investigation conducted by Supreme Court President Yitzhak Kahan. Critics hardly had time to point out the more limited power of such an investigation before the judge indicated that he could not accept the appointment because related legal actions were pending in his court.

Although Begin survived, Israelis still despised that the government may be covering up important details about the massacre. Their fears were fueled by the Israeli media, which aggressively exposed numerous flaws in the official account of events. Under a relentless barrage of revealing published accounts from politicians, soldiers, even generals, the government was constantly forced to revise its own explanations. The results was a series of details, then subsequent admissions and contradictions that further eroded the government's credibility.

In one glaring case of government backtracking, Israeli Chief of Staff Gen. Rafael Eytan maintained, only hours after the official revelations, that the militiamen had entered the camp without prior approval or knowledge of the Israeli army. But when contrary reports from soldiers at the scene appeared in the press, a senior government official modified the story. The official admitted that Israeli knew in advance that the right-wing militia planned to enter the camp. But he insisted that Israel had not co-ordinated the action with the militia leaders nor asked them to go in.

For his part, Sharon considered one that would amount to what he broke the first rule of war: no quarter. In fact, he told the Knesset, had approval and helped plan the entry of the militia into the camps. "The operation," he said, "was against terrorists, and... it was completely forbidden to harm the civilian population, especially

women, children and the elderly." Added the minister: "Our government is to the Philangites to enter Shatila Camp was out of a desire to prevent deaths among our troops." Sharon insisted, "We did not include in our worst dream that the Philangites going into Sabra and Shatila would be killed." Opposition Leader Shimon Peres: "You didn't have to be a genius to know what would happen. Any village policeman could have told you." Later, Sharon confessed in a TV interview that the government's assumption that the army would move into West Beirut to prevent bloodshed was "naïve and stupid." "Its real intention" all along, he said, "was to clean Beirut of the remaining terrorists and their arms."

Commentators on the scene revealed that senior officers and even Deputy Prime Minister David Levy had strongly opposed the entry of the militiamen precisely because of the history of bloody battles between the Palestinians and the Christians. In the Knesset, another session chaired was chaired by opposition member Amnon Rubinfeld, who quoted from an interview with a Philangist officer published Sept. 1 in the Lebanese Army magazine. Someone: "The officer reportedly said, 'The operation we ask today is, what do we do first—rape or murder?'"

Equally worrisome, Israel originally contended that it knew nothing about the massacre until Saturday morning, Sept. 18, roughly 36 hours after it began. But a number of officials and ordinary citizens received reports of the slaughter in some cases only hours after it began—and apparently notified the Israeli authorities at the time. According to a report in the respected independent Israeli newspaper Haaretz, Palestinian women approached an Israeli tank post on Thursday evening at dusk and reported hysterically that the Philangites were shooting at their children and taking men away from the camp in trucks. A soldier from that unit told Haaretz that he reported the information to his commander. The officer, he said, advised him to send the women back to the camp. In an even more damning report the Jerusalem Post's military correspondent said he had been shown a message sent at 11 a.m. Thursday—hours after the massacre began—from the head of the Philangist unit at Shatila to Israeli headquarters in Beirut. The document, which was apparently distributed to 80 or 90 senior Israeli officers, including Eytan, said, "On this time I have 300 civilians and terrorists." The message continued for at least 30 hours after the massacre was reportedly over.

As the evidence piled up, Sharon concluded in his Knesset speech that he and

his commanders had been remorse of the killings a day before the Lebanese withdrawal. Sharon insisted that his forces tried to halt the tragedy by contacting a Philangist liaison officer at Israeli regional headquarters on Friday. The massacre continued until Saturday morning.

Questions about how accurate an account the Israeli government was providing also centered on the question of which Lebanese Christian faction had carried out the killing. Israel insisted that it was the work of the Philangites, the powerful and notoriously brutal Christian families that preside over



Amnon Gemayel strong support

Haaretz Gemayel had led until his assassination two weeks ago. But reports from survivors and other witnesses near the camps suggested that the Philangists got help from the forces led by Haddad, a renegade major from the Lebanese Army. The difference is significant because, although both are allies of Israel, Haddad's links are closer. In fact, his militia is virtually allied with the Israeli Army. Haddad denied that his militia was "officially" involved. But he conceded that some of his men "may have been serving with other forces in Beirut." He refused to be specific about the numbers

"Perhaps 10 served there. Perhaps 20," he said.

Israel officially criticized the Philangists for the massacre and expressed its horror at the debacle. But many Israelis were disturbed by the government's failure to disassociate itself entirely from the Christian militia. Indeed, Israel continued to co-operate with the Philangists last week, handing over to the militia weapons seized from Muslim leftists. And, although Sharon acknowledged that Israeli military officials met Philangist leaders to prepare for the operation in the camp, Israel has not identified the individuals involved.

In Beirut itself, as Lebanese officials tried to restore a semblance of sovereignty over the war-ravaged nation, the military prosecutor-general launched an inquiry into the massacre. And the Lebanese parliament assembled in a heavily guarded military academy to witness the swearing-in of Amn Gemayel, brother of assassinated Bashir Gemayel. The inauguration took place in a ceremony that was held in an atmosphere damped by the city, killing one woman and injuring 40 in his inaugural speech, Gemayel pledged to try to free the country of foreign troops. Unlike his brother, Amn Gemayel mentioned good relations with Lebanon's Muslims and he was elected by parliament with their strong support.

As Lebanese officials tried to extend their control over Beirut, Israeli troops continued to surround government facilities in the city. Local newspapers reported roughly 1,800 arrests. And while identities have been difficult to establish, there was little doubt that large numbers of prisoners were being taken away in just the 7,000 Philangist soldiers held in prison camps in southern Lebanon. Israel also took advantage of the last few days before the return of the three-way peacekeeping force to station the Algerian and Iranian embassies and to sweep them from the ambassadors' offices. At the same time, Israeli soldiers straggled the two offices thoroughly.

Still, those acts went almost unnoticed in world attention focused on the massacre. In the interim, the Syrian government, the world's outrage was hypocritical. "We will proceed to us ethics and respect for human life," the premier declared in a cabinet-ordered communique. But once suggested official in the army reserves expressed what many felt: "We don't know this country any more."

—LINDA McQUINN in Toronto, with Robert Wright and Jack Rodden in Beirut, Eric Silver in Jerusalem and William Leach in Washington.

# A tough test of Washington's loyalty

By Michael Posner

**A**ll the bodies have not been counted, and the facts are not yet set. The full story may not be told for weeks, or months. But enough is now known about the dark events at the Sabra and Shatila camps to record the central facts, with Jewish consent, implied or explicit, a group of Christians slaughtered possibly as many as 1,500 innocent Muslims. The murders were calculated, organized, systematic. Women and children, elderly and infirm—the group was spared.

The world has been properly shocked by the massacre—stunned by the realization of how deep the poison of reli-

gion nonetheless reflected deeply felt convictions. And if the world has learned anything about the man in the Oval Office since his election, it is that his speeches, once enigmatic, are not casually discarded if he, when Reagan cut down with his National Security Council last week and said that Israel owed to him no longer a vulnerable David but an aggressive Goliath, it marked a potentially profound shift in the presidential line.

If that is true, the president has as much of a company. In Capitol Hill, California's Alan Cranston, arguably the most pro-Israel member of the Senate, sent a four-page telegram to Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin, argu-

ing, much of it from Jewish constituencies questioning the wisdom of Begin's Lebanese adventure. The attacks are visceral and personalized, focused on Begin himself or on his abrasive defense minister, Ariel Sharon. Begin is intractable, and, as long as he rules, there will be no peace. Sharon is ruthless and ambitious. The war in Lebanon has confused legitimate Israeli goals—security on its northern borders—with delusory ones: Sharon's awesome military machine attempting to extinguish the flames of Palestinian nationalism.

That movement comes not only from predictable quarters of Arab sympathy, but from American Jews and others in the Diaspora, who have never in such numbers dared to challenge an Israeli government's view of Israel's interests and some of whom are even calling for the Begin government's resignation. But there are logical flaws in the argument. For one thing, it was Menachem Begin who gave back to Egypt the entire Sinai—oil fields, strategic air bases, the works. In exchange for what? Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's handshake, his willingness to accept Israel as a fact of life and, admittedly, a treaty that removed the threat posed by Egypt's military might. If Begin seems intractable now, perhaps it is merely a tactical response to the Arab world's equally stubborn refusal to recognize Israel.

For another thing, Begin's government is democratically elected. However alienated to Americans or Canadians or Europeans, his policies, until the massacre, clearly commanded majority support at home. When detractors claim faithfulness to the idea of Israel, they have in mind the comfortable, flexible, Western, social-democratic Zionism that once dominated Israeli society. It does so no longer.

Though Begin may be partly disappointed that Israel is no longer a tiny David, he and his cabinet also respect Goliath's strength—and what it can do for them. That is hardly a guarantee of success for the president's peace plan, the Middle East is far too unstable a place for guarantees. But played with patience and skill, it may just be the winning hand.



Reagan in consultation with Secretary of State George Shultz: the attacks are visceral

gious enmity runs in Lebanon, appalled by the behavior of the Israeli army. And few have been more shaken than the Israelis themselves. The event has rocked Israeli society to its roots, raising disturbing questions about the nation's very identity and destiny.

It has also raised two questions Israel's standing in the international community—and particularly its relationship with its closest ally, the United States. From his earliest days on the U.S. political stage, Ronald Reagan has been an ardent advocate of the state of Israel. In public and in private discourse he has praised its vital democratic norms, its gallant struggle for survival and its strategic value to the United States. If such statements also served Reagan's political ambitions,

it is an independent inquiry into the Beirut massacre. Thirty-one House members made a similar request. For the first time in memory, voices usually supportive of Jerusalem's objectives have joined the swelling chorus of protest.

There are whispers that Reagan is being advised to cut foreign aid to Israel and that if he refuses Congress will do it for him. Arms shipments have been delayed indefinitely, and the Pentagon is withholding designs for the next generation of Israeli fighter jets. It is the state of Israeli-U.S. relations. "Sometimes," an Israeli diplomat sighed the other day, "I just wish I could disappear."

The staff in congressional offices is said to be running heavily against Is-



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**T**wo Margaret Awards? At their Afraid, on a lecture tour of Australia this week, could not bear to miss the "Writers' Development" Trust's annual food-relief banquet in Toronto. So, she dressed up a life-size fabric effigy of herself—a shilling, talking "Peggy doll"—to take her place on the commodious market that is The Night of One Hundred Authors Baked as "The Literary Event" by its chairman, Jack McClelland, the affair gives petreons who reserved a \$1,500 (\$1,000 two-dishable) table for no plain one Canadian author—the chance to select their own scribe dinner mate for the "you-are-who-you-eat-with" evening. The Toronto Star snapped up *Alma Moore*—Conrad Black's grandchild by Toronto's long-titled "Kitchikishew" restaurant, Watson's. And the Shattuck Centre bought *Maurice McTeer*. Sitting among the big-



Atwood in the flesh, her effigy talks just like a writer

of Cecil—Meredith Baxter (R. Kelly Forest Productions), *Fanny Moreau* and *Madeleine Stine* (Douglas and Prentiss-Hall publishers respectively), the Peggy doll was programmed to say, from a tape concealed in her purse, "Oh, you're a novelist, too." (Peggy: "I wouldn't really have come to do that right now. I'm writing my own novel.") For the table of \$250 single-tickets fans, Atwood II brings new depth to the rambling of mechanical dinner conversation.

**F**rom senior cabinet ministers on down, Canadians have long known the futility of trying to bend Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's will. But now they can take out some frustrations with The

Actor *Imma*, merely following the script



**P.E.T. Paperdoll Dress-up Book** by cartoonist Graham Filmerworth. "Here's your chance to cut him out and cut him up!" promises the cover. Pierre Goes West is an arrow-plated cowboy, suit garbished with as "Order of Western Canada Ross Star Medal." Pierre Goes Down East with a "demon tag" balloon stuck in his necktie and the "Jollipops for the Millions." Pierre Pumps Gas from a "half-serving" Petroleum pump. Filmerworth, 38, says he began to sketch roughs for his \$5.95 cartoon book last May after a brainstorming session with colleagues. "It occurred to me that no one is publishing anything fancy in this country these days," he says. "And the target for some humor seemed obvious." It was the target because, Filmerworth had a label lawyer John Porter fix his steady gaze upon the finished product. Porter announced it fair comment, even the Pierre Goes as a Dale page, complete with a "lefty cradle to roll" and a "fierce protective Dicker-Beaver" to fend off cranksy dilemmas. It's only a paper doll, but it will have to do until the next election comes along.

**I**n Quebec, some female expeditious like to take away their wit by say, opera. Two political rivals, separatist *Ude Payette* and federalist *Schnepp Chaput-Potard*, are sharing the airwaves on Radio-Canada with rival weekly dramas. Early reviews put Chaput-Potard's suit in front, but Payette is counting on a growing interest in women's affairs to win voters in her drama. Payette was the PQ minister for Le condition *Provenance* when, during the 1988 referendum campaign, she characterized former Liberal leader Claude Ryan's wife, *Maudeline*, as a dreary, housewife drudge, an "Evette." The resultant avalanche of abused women taking out to fight for Canada is widely credited with giving the federalist forces much of the impetus they needed to win the vote. Perhaps in a final apology, Payette's 30-episode *La better crevette*, about four females coping with their lives, includes only one happy character: a housewife. Chaput-Potard, behind her political career to Ryan's, is wife one of the committee of the PQ election victory last year. Her *Monsieur* le ministre dramatizes the tribulations of a cabinet minister in an "unidentified, neutral country with neither *Piquettes* nor *Indochina*."

—EDITED BY BARBARA EIGHTON



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Khmer Rouge forces prepare for the Vietnamese 17th season offensive: a united coalition with anti-Communist leaders

## WORLD

# Bracing for a showdown

Prime Norodom Sihanouk, president of the Kampuchean coalition government-in-exile, appears before the UN General Assembly this week to seek international assistance to oust the Vietnamese-backed government in Phnom Penh. As he makes his appeal, however, Vietnamese troops are preparing a new, late fall offensive against the coalition's guerrilla forces. *Markham's correspondent David Brandon recently spent a week with the underground forces in Kampuchea. His report.*

September is the worst month in Kampuchea's monsoon season. Jungle paths turn to rivers, and village dwellings perish just above the flood line on their stilts. But as nature becomes more miserable the rains in Southeast Asia, they are welcomed by guerrillas fighting foreign occupation forces. Like the French and the American invaders before them, the Vietnamese are unable to move tanks and heavy equipment across the monsoon mud. And for the Khmer Rouge (as) seems a powerful rationale between the intense assaults launched by the Vietnamese during the dry season and the next lifts, which may start as early as November.

Working in the flower gardens of a base camp in the Phnom Maly area near the Thai border, the Khmer

Rouge's chief spokesman, Kheng Samphat, who is vice-president in charge of foreign affairs in Sihanouk's coalition, acknowledges that the Vietnamese pierced some of their strongest defenses in heavy fighting around Phnom Maly last spring. Still, informed sources told us that the Khmer Rouge mounted one of its most tenacious campaigns so far to defend the area. Indeed, they had little choice. As well as being the guerrilla's official capital, Phnom Maly is the place where supplies entered in from Thailand and were sent on the long journey to Khmer Rouge units in the interior.

Phnom Maly was simply too important as a symbol," said one observer. "The Khmer Rouge accepted far more casualties than is normal."

The new Sihanouk coalition was formed in the wake of the successful defense of Phnom Maly. But that display of political determination has not deterred the Vietnamese, who are still determined to crush the stronghold. "Next dry season, the Vietnamese will deploy more forces against us and at-

tack us at new points," Khmer Rouge spokesmen. The Soviets have recently delivered a new fleet of tanks for the operation, he says. At the same time, Ung Sary, another longtime Khmer Rouge leader, adds that he expects the Vietnamese to make significant use of aircraft for the first time and to increase the use of chemical weapons. "The war has reached the life-and-death stage for them," he said, pointing to Phnom's mushrooming resistance and political difficulties as the campaign, initially planned for only a few months, drags into its fifth year.

Still, the Khmer Rouge has an interest in exaggerating its own power while belittling that of the Vietnamese. One of the Vietnamese and these Kampuchean allies, the Heng Samrin government. The founding of the coalition is expected to lead to wider sources of supplies for the guerrillas. Traditionally, the five members of the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN), Japan and most Western countries have opposed Vietnamese aggression, but they did not want to aid

Khmer defenses planned



the Moslemized Khmer Rouge. Now, however, they have a natural resistance front with credible noncommunist leaders to work with. ASEAN also hopes that Washington will provide at least financial and humanitarian aid to the resistance.

From Hanoi's point of view the coming dry season is an opportunity to defeat the coalition before its influence can spread into The refugee camps and in the Kampuchean areas now under Vietnamese control. The Vietnamese are also aware that it is the Khmer Rouge's military credibility that has enticed Sihanouk and the third coalition partner, Son Sen, leader of an anti-communist, patriotic force, into the alliance. Because of that, Hanoi believes that the most effective way to unravel the coalition is to defeat the Khmer Rouge militarily.

The guerrillas are rapidly preparing for the offensive. Chinese-made anti-tank and antipersonnel mines are being planted in the jungle. Traditional poisoned traps and sharpened post stakes are also being deployed in abundance. And key roads are being blown up.

As well as fighting the Vietnamese, the Khmer Rouge are also facing the threat of defections. ASEAN officials say privately that the alliance's support for the coalition is based partly on the hope that the Sihanouk and Son Sen factions will attract recruits from among Ung Sary's supporters, who can recall the massacres that the Khmer Rouge carried out during the 1975-79 revolution. ASEAN's optimism was reinforced when senior, hardened Khmer Rouge guerrillas arrived at the Thai border in August and asked to join the Sihanouk or Son Sen forces.

But ASEAN may underestimate the loyalty of the Khmer Rouge's disciplined cadres. Khmer Rouge spokesmen acknowledge some defections. But he says they consisted mostly of "young people from independent groups who have joined us, not part of our main forces." And since the initial spate of defections there has been little new activity.

Support for the coalition is evident in such Khmer Rouge communities as Phnom Thmey and Phnom Sengke, clusters of thatched huts which each hold about 1,500 villagers. But, as Madame Dy Ly, village president of Phnom Thmey, told me, its residents have brought to mind the difficulties of the people. Nor in the Khmer Rouge courted an audience from its partners to win at the coming offensive. Says Ung Sary of Sihanouk: "After all, he was king for 30 years. We cannot expect him to live in the jungle. But if he can rally international support for Kampuchea, that is a very good contribution." ☐

## BRITAIN

# Preparing for a winter chill

The 120,000-strong procession was in a holiday mood as it wound its way through central London. Marchers bantered with passers-by and passed pro-union badges as anyone within reach. In Covent Garden's fashionable wine bars, well-dressed young women proclaimed their solidified class with badges announcing, I SUPPORT THE HEALTH WORKERS! Despite the fun—and Employment Secretary Norman Tebbit's later claim that it is 80 per cent of the country work went as normally—last week's Day of Action protest in support of striking National Health Service employees sent a long shadow over Britain. Dejected health workers

and shipwreck lay idle, delivery built up at Heathrow Airport, and ferries to the continent, Ireland and the Channel Islands stayed in port. More alarmingly, most ambulance services defied a call from Trade Union Congress General Secretary Len Murray to accept emergency calls, and two women died while being taken to hospital by makeshift ambulance services.

For all its effectiveness, the stoppage was not universal. The railway network, despite its strike, kept its trains on this year, ran normally. Without it, doctors and nurses could not have been transported to London by special trains from other parts of the country. London's subway and most buses also ran, but transport was thoroughly disrupted in major provincial cities.

Meanwhile, TV screens were blanked out for a few hours on four independent channels, and no national newspapers were printed. Among those suffering from the media blackout was the Liberal party, which was convening its annual conference in the prosperous south-coast resort of Bournemouth and was anxiously seeking publicity. But the party's spokesman on employment, Cyril Smith, told me that 200-300 weight to the cause. He lambasted the government for intransigence on pay increases while it found money for "massive increases" for judges, for Britain's "so-called independent media outlets," for reducing taxes on the wealthy and "to fight wars it creates by its own incompetence"—a reference to the Falklands conflict.

Far her part, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, who was visiting Japan and China, celebrated that the disruption was "very, very damaging" and would "take all the week. I have been doing in the past five days." But plans are already afoot for further protests.

Just how much public sympathy there is for the unionists may become apparent in the next several weeks. Doctors' and nurses' organizations are planning a one-day strike next month to force employers to the negotiating table on a 25-per-cent pay claim, and they are seeking the widest possible support. And the real test may come over the extent of backing for the real miners' demand for a massive 20-per-cent pay boost. Still, the winter may prove that public sympathy is irrelevant in the semi-wrestling of unions and government. As former prime minister Edward Heath said in 1974 when he took on the miners and lost, it is he who made sense that counts in the end.

—CLARE KENNEDY in London



British nurses at rally: a union stoppage

union leader Rodney Bickerstaffe. "If you [the Tory government] don't give us the money, we will come out again and again and again."

Bickerstaffe's fiery rhetoric earned the explicit threat that the unions may intensify their protests and spark a wave of industrial discontent like that in 1979 which caused the downfall of the Labour government. And last week's stoppage, although they often lasted only an hour or two and were largely confined to the public sector, clearly made a strong impact. Four-fifths of Britain's coal mines were closed, docks

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Falme celebrates election victory, on course for industrial confrontation

SWEDEN

## Return from the wilderness

For Sweden's socialist leader, Olof Palme, ousted by a centre-right coalition six years ago, last week's election victory was sweet revenge. And afterward, Palme, 56, expressed the hope that his country would serve as a model society for the rest of the world. His aspirations centre on a unique scheme intended to put Sweden out of recession by setting up a "wage-earners' fund," under which workers can buy into large corporations. But widespread opposition to the proposal within his own party and the parlous economic situation that he inherits could dash Palme's hopes of delivering on that election promise.

Voting in the election showed Swedish opinion polarizing in the face of the ruling coalition's economic squabbling and poor economic performance. Palme's Social Democrats swept back to office with 166 seats in the 348-seat Riksdag (parliament). The coalition's Centre and Liberal parties, led by outgoing Premier Thorbjörn Fälldin, saw their representation fall from 102 to 77. But the Conservatives, led by Ulf Adelöwe, picked up 36 seats, a gain of 12.

However, the Social Democrats, who have governed the country for all but 31 years in this century, will need all their experience to combat a soaring \$15-billion foreign debt, to make Swedish products competitive in world markets once again, and to halt tax evasion, which has become a national pastime. Palme's economic platform calls for increasing government involvement, in-

cluding the wage-earner fund. That program would pool taxes on "excess profits" from companies and place a levy on wages. Then, the revenues from both the tax and the levy will be used to buy worker shares—and in some cases, control—of major companies. Not only that, but the Social Democrats intend to spend \$100 million to help create 30,000 new jobs in an attempt to counteract an unemployment rate of 3.6 per cent—unacceptably high in a nation used to full employment.

While Swedish voters gave Palme an absolute majority, there has been widespread opposition to the fund. Fearing that the program could place at least 15 per cent of Sweden's businesses under worker control within five years, the Federation of Swedish Industry launched a massive advertising campaign against the scheme. Even some Social Democrats have doubts as to its effectiveness. Asar Lindbeck, the party's leading economist, resigned over the proposal, warning, "It will mean the collectivization of society." Valter Arner, the Social Democrat responsible for much of Sweden's revolutionary job security legislation, has chosen to fight the plan from within the ranks of his own party.

For his part, Palme assured industrial leaders that he wants to avoid a confrontation. But if he insists on implementing his interventionist program in an already heavily regulated economy, Palme's honeymoon with the voters may be short-lived.

—CHRIS MORLEY in Stockholm

BONDUENAS

## Another assault on democracy

Unlike the turbulent neighbors, Honduras has managed to avoid much of the political violence that has plagued Central America in recent years. As a result, the hostage-taking in the provincial city of San Pedro Sula left many Hondurans in a state of shock, although the drama ended without bloodshed last Saturday. The 146 businessmen and politicians who were held captive emerged unharmed, and the guerrillas were flown to airplanes in Cuba. But in their wake they left questions—about the future stability of the country and about possible outside justifications of the hostage action. Suspicion about foreign involvement were fueled by the terrorist demands that the Honduran authorities free a number of imprisoned Salvadoran dissidents. In addition, the United States charged that Miragosa had inspired the incident as part of a continuing campaign of interference. However, the charge was denied in Managua.

The stage began on Sept. 17 when members of the Guatemalan National Liberation Front, a group of leftist guerrillas, stormed the Chamber of Commerce building in the sleepy commercial center 200 km north of the capital, Tegucigalpa. The Chamber (top left), closed after a 1984-century pos-

session being released at Managua, closed



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art movement, demanded the expulsion of U.S. military advisers from Honduras and a halt to border operations against Nicaragua's Sandinista government. But it was their demand for the release of 68 "political prisoners," including Salvadoran guerrilla leader Alfredo Montenegro, that infuriated the government's conviction that the Guatemalans are influenced, if not controlled, by El Salvador's guerrillas.

Honduras' civilian president, Roberto Soto Gordón, denies that the country is holding any political prisoners. But human rights activists charge that the Honduran armed forces are responsible for an increasing number of arbitrary arrests and disappearances.

Guerrilla activity in Honduras has escalated steadily during the past two years. The country is far from wealthy, and it was to discuss the uncertain state of the economy that the businessmen gathered for what turned into a frosty meeting in San Pedro Sula.

For the Guatemalans, however, the hostage-taking had sounder results. Clearly, it attracted world attention to their cause. But the incident also sparked widespread popular opposition. Thousands of Hondurans took to the streets in pro-government demonstrations, carrying placards reading HONDURAS FOR HONDURANS—HONDURAS NOT FOR! Said Arturo Valle, a shipping clerk: "We hope the guerrillas understand that we want peace and democracy." Even more embarrassing was the news that Montenegro was not in Honduras custody after all. He had been deported to El Salvador. And some of the activists when the Guatemalans claimed had disappeared into army hands turned up alive and well, freely offering information to reporters.

In the midst of the hostage-taking, Honduras' democratic system proved resilient. Still, some observers argue that each time such an incident occurs it strengthens the position of the military. And Honduras, like other Central American nations, is particularly vulnerable to military pressures because it is suffering the devastating effects of sharp cuts in the press paid for its exports—coffee, bananas and sugar. The country is already in deficits on a number of its short-term commercial loans, and unemployment is growing. Said a Canadian relief worker with long experience in the country: "Democracy is a deeply rooted system in Honduras. But these are extremely hard times economically and each episode, such as the hostage affair, shakes the foundations a little bit more." It was that dangerous prospect that made the current crisis more than a passing concern.

—ERIC HAMMERSCH in San Pedro Sula, with Anne Nelson in New York City

## UNITED STATES

### 'Goliath' suffers a setback

In a city that sometimes lays claim to being the capital of the world, Mayor Edward Koch is a giant figure. And the man who brought the Big Apple back from the brink of bankruptcy was viewed as a sure winner for the Democratic nomination for governor of New York state. As a result, Koch's defeat last week by the state's Republican governor, Mario Cuomo, was a stunning upset.

For Cuomo, who lost the 1977 mayoral election to Koch, it was a belated, but satisfying, return to the mayor's

throne as "sterile" and lambasted rural life as "stupid."

The interview was given before Koch elected to run for governor. Although he spent the summer campaigning upstate—stopping on plaid lakes and inspecting contested towns—his comments returned to haunt him. "No matter what he does, I'd never vote for him," said Jean Brevard, a resident of the state's northern agricultural heartland. At the same time, Koch's base in New York City was also crumbling with the defection of former liberal supporters who believed the mayor's fiscal worryism had favored the middle class over the poor. "I have watched Ed Koch gradually change, watched him accommodate wealth, political fashion and lower ethics," complained Jack Newfield, columnist for The Village Voice.

In contrast, Cuomo held fast to traditional Democratic programs—advancing increased social spending, support for state welfare and employment, and education schemes for the underprivileged. With strong backing from organized labor, he condemned the state's poor record of job creation and especially Koch's role in the granting of a subway contract to the Horsham firm in Quebec instead of a New York company. And last week he girded up huge guerrilla opposition while building almost even odds per cent to 40 per cent) with Koch as the mayor of New York City home turf.

Surprisingly, the mayor showed a grace in defeat that eluded him as the hotdog, gilding his fall support for his unrivaled opponent in the November election. But Cuomo faces a tough fight. Millionaire Lewis Lehrman, a political unknown who swept 84 per cent of the Republican vote against his opponent, Paul Curran, spent an estimated \$1 million to win the nomination, including \$3 million of his own. Lehrman, a committed disciple of Reaganomics, has indicated that he is prepared to disburse at least that much again.

With his wealth and with support from the White House and such powerful Republicans as Buffalo Congressman Jack Kemp, he will be a formidable foe. But having felled the giant of New York City, Cuomo just may be ready to tackle, and defeat, a second Goliath.

—RITA CHRISTENSEN in New York City



Koch following primary results; grace in defeat

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Dome Petroleum is the dominant force in a romantic northern saga's capricious denouement of debt, ultimate and belated

## BUSINESS

# A costly plan for Dome's deliverance

By Ian Anderson

There is just one man in Canada who knows what it is like to have the government and the banks grab for a \$1-billion-plus stake in the company he created and whose destiny he still embodies. But John Patrick (Patrick) Jack Gallagher was not telling last week—in fact he did not let himself be seen in public as the saga of debt-defying Dome Petroleum reached its dispiriting conclusion. Reminders of the old company were seen alive in the Calgary headquarters. "This company is not known for biting its fingernails," asserted one executive. But that brush stance was belied in Toronto's King Edward hotel, where Dome officials held in a tense marathon session to consider a take-it-or-leave-it means offer from four banks and the federal government. The predetermined outcome of that meeting was a company less fresh, less independent—but alive.

Details of the offer were not divulged that, if it accepted, the deal is likely to give the federal government a substantial holding in Dome. Jean Charest, the new energy minister, certainly appeared prepared to buy a piece of the action. "We want to get the equity right, so they will have to make more for us and our partners," Charest said. Those "partners" are four of the Big Five Can-

adian banks—Royal Bank of Canada, Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, Bank of Montreal and Toronto Dominion Bank. They hold Dome debt amounting to some \$4 billion—out of a total of about \$6 billion.

The very size of the Dome fiasco made a simple relaxation of its status in bankruptcy courts impossible. The loans by the four banks to Dome amount to just less than half their combined capital (shareholders' equity plus reserves), a factor that led a parliamentary committee to delicately conclude that their lending policies had been imprudent. In addition, the impact of Dome's collapse would have been devastating in Alberta. "I think you would be dealing with hundreds of [bankrupt] companies," says Robert Buchanan, general manager of the Canadian Association of Oil-Well Drilling Contractors. Dome, says Buchanan, is reckoning about 130 days behind in late payments.

Like so many great tragedies, the root cause of Dome's woes is crassly simple. The company's well-known gambles—and the bankers agreed—that off prices would continue on the rocketing path they charted through the 1970s. As a result, Dome took on massive debt to finance a series of takeovers that management calculated could be paid for by the appreciating assets buried in the ground. But that plan went disastrously

awry when the international price of oil plummeted from a high of about \$40 (U.S.) a barrel in 1980 to the current \$20. At the same time, the company found itself goaded by escalating interest rates, more most of its debt was at a floating rate. Dome's desperate situation was made dramatically clear in documents filed with the U.S. Securities & Exchange Commission. They revealed that Dome is no longer able to meet even its daily operating expenses, let alone cobble together the \$1.35 billion due to banks on Sept. 30.

Under the joint bank-government plan, Dome will receive a flowing infusion of as much as \$1.5 billion in return for shares and land concessions. The government has shown itself to be distinctly sympathetic to any Dome pleas for less radical measures. Ottawa saw itself as a lever secured by Dome's management when it took over Bladmont Gas Oil and Gas for about \$4 billion in June, 1980. While Ottawa wanted to Canadianize the industry, it perceived that 1980 was too early to open in the Canadian interest despite the 50-per-cent controlling interest by Conoco Inc., of Stamford, Conn. Further adding to Ottawa's displeasure was Dome's acquisition of a controlling interest in Canadian-controlled Trans-Canada Pipelines Ltd. for about \$300 million.

Charest insists that the new move is not really a lifeline. "This qualifying it as an opportunity for us," he avers. "We have goals as a government, and one of them is Canadianization." To everyone's amazement, after the introduction of the National Energy Program, it was revealed that just 35 per cent of its shares were controlled by Canadians. When the government bid its new grants system to Canadian ownership, there was forced into a complicated dance with the federal government. The resulting creation was Dome Canada, a subsidiary of Dome Petroleum, into which 60,000 Canadians injected a total of \$400 million for shares, the value of which has now been halved. As in all Dome matters, the event was Biddlebarnian—the largest corporate underwriting in the country's history. Charest now proposes to accelerate the Canadianization of Dome Petroleum, bringing its domestic ownership immediately above the 50-per-cent level.

What Ottawa plans to do with its equity in Dome is still a mystery. Charest insists that the shares will be assigned in the name of the energy minister. But the future of Ottawa's involvement with Dome seems to be with an evolving Crown corporation named Canada Development Investment Corp. Although political authority for CDEV will rest in the hands of Senator Jack Austin, the cabinet minister in charge of western affairs, CDEV's chairman will be Maurice Strang, the international success-orientee who was Petro-Canada's first chairman. It is proposed that CDEV also take on responsibility for government ownership in the Hamilton, Canada's US-per-cent share of \$500 million in return for Dome's shares. The transaction cost Dome \$1.7 billion (U.S.) and, to finance the deal, the company was forced to sell some another \$1 billion (U.S.) in a special trust fund.

Doris Myle, an energy specialist at Bache Halvey Stuart Canada, feels the stock market has already fully discounted the potential dilution of Dome stock caused by the bank-government buy-in. What people are wondering, says Myle, is who will be running the company next? The bankers will have a large say in that decision. At age 56, Jack Gallagher will probably not be the ideal guardian for their investment. Since the bank pioneers built a railway across the country, Gas sales have followed, if even, some of the company's reputationly reached as far beyond his grasp. For that, Gallagher is finally to be upbraided—and is a typically Canadian way: the banks and the government will be handing the shock.

With Suzanne Zboron in Calgary



Turbo Transport truck. For worse or for good, relatively speaking

## Ailing giants at the brink

A Dome Petroleum was played from the brink of bankruptcy last week, two other ailing giants faced 60-day dangers of their own. Turbo Resources Ltd., a Calgary-based oil company which has been negotiating with its bankers since the spring over a restructuring of its \$600-million debt, last accused legal battle. As a result, its chances for survival were further weakened. Elsewhere, iron machinery manufacturer Massey-Ferguson Ltd.—recently by governments and its creditors from bankruptcy a year ago with a

\$115-million refinancing package—was seeing bankers for more concessions. Like Dome on a smaller scale, Turbo is also suffering the ill effects of an acquisition made when the oil and gas industry was still buoyant. In July, 1981, Turbo bought a consulting interest in Marland Exploration Ltd. Early this year it made an unsuccessful bid for the remaining shares. The Ontario Securities Commission (OSC) ruled that the follow-up bid, made in cash rather than in stock, was not equivalent to the price paid for the controlling block, as

required by law. Last week's court decision barred Turbo's efforts to overturn the OSC ruling.

For its part, Turbo will likely bring the fight. As Turbo Director of Communications Douglas Evans says, "We just do not have the money." Says energy analyst John Anderson of Oiler Wills Reids Ltd. "If [Turbo] is far worse off than Dome's Petroleum, relatively speaking." More important, Turbo does not have the same access to government subsidies as does Dome.

Just how temporary those subsidies are, however, is illustrated by the continuing plight of Massey-Ferguson. It is now clear that last summer's refinancing only enabled the firm to struggle through another year of poor markets and costly restructuring, resulting in a \$168.9-million (U.S.) loss in the first nine months of fiscal 1982.

Having made up all its hard-earned cash and some again in default on its interest payments, Massey now needs more help from its bankers—and perhaps from government—with its \$1.27-billion debt. Most observers believe that Massey will pull off another round of restructuring this week. But others warn that it is only a matter of time before the company collapses. Whatever happens, Massey is a classic reminder that bankruptcies are easier to begin than they are to end. —GILLES MCCARTY in Toronto

## Washington stages a blitz



Elft Lake union rally; Lemley, producers may face quotas on U.S. exports

As a former junior football coach, Canadian Trade Minister Ed Lemley doubtless knows a blitz when he sees one. Just in case he had forgotten, Washington last week staged a pointed and effective one. While Lemley was visiting a Georgetown University audience of the catastrophic results of an international trade war, the U.S. Congress and the Reagan administration were widely questioning Ottawa at half a dozen sensitive pressure points.

In fact, the U.S. manufacturers—on trading routes, uranium imports, the auto pact, postal rates and air fares—were hardly a declaration of all-out economic warfare. Still, as symptoms of the mercantile protection fever now running rampant through an election-year Congress, they do suggest an ominous trend. To be sure, the Reagan administration has tried to launch the most extremist reflexes in Capital Hill. Last week, for example, President Ronald Reagan temporarily waded a moratorium that would have denied Canadian trucking firms access to lucrative trans-border routes. Such a sanction would certainly have brought reprisals from Canada, thus risking a major trading war.

The grounds of the conflict lie in a 1980 congressional act to deregulate the U.S. trucking industry, which made it easier for Canadian leaders to penetrate the vast U.S. market. There was no comparable deregulation in Canada, where provincial licensing boards remain as restrictive as ever—for truckers of both nations. The net effect was that American truckers were losing their share of the market south of the

border, with no chance to recoup in Canada. American truckers cried foul, and a sympathetic Congress responded.

The president's answer is essentially a tepid compromise. It gives special trade representative Bill Brock 60 days to negotiate a solution with Ottawa, during which time U.S. regulators can continue to issue licenses. Curiously to Georgetown afterward, Lemley expressed deep disappointment and said he expected provincial retaliation.

But the trucking industry is not alone in feeling the chilly winds of protectionism. Canadian uranium producers, who provide the United States with most of its import needs, may face face tariffs and a temporary ban on imports. The current recession has sent the world price of uranium plunging, putting 20,000 Americans out of work. To keep U.S. mines operating, Senator Pete Domenici (R-NM) proposed legislation that would have restricted imports to 30 per cent of the total market. But that proposal proved too restrictive, even for a sympathetic Congress. The Reagan administration, with its strong free trade ethic, also lobbied heavily against the legislation.

Now, Congress is considering a new formula that would limit imports to 37.5 per cent. When that limit is reached, a two-year moratorium would take effect. Domenici's spokesman, Jim Brock, says, "That will happen within two years. The measure is expected to reach the Senate floor this week."

In the House of Representatives another committee is drafting legislation to curb auto imports. Although the bill is aimed principally at Japan, it would not demote current limits for all imports. Perhaps to meet the current quotas would force foreign manufacturers to limit exports. Both Bill Brock and Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige last week condemned the bill as a violation of the Canada-U.S. auto pact and warned that passage would injure Canadian relations. But the House trade subcommittee, confronting near-depression conditions in the auto industry, was not persuaded. Chances are, however, that the proposal will not reach the House floor before the current congressional session expires.

At the same time, Canada-U.S. talks on the pricing of cross-border airfares have broken down. This, too, is a conflict between Washington's instincts for deregulation and free, competitive pricing and Ottawa's need for what one Canadian diplomat calls "cheeks and balloons." Finally, the Reagan administration firmly asked last week for a GATT meeting in Geneva to complete that Canada postal rates discriminate against American magazine publishers. Ottawa's defense is that the cheaper cost of mailing domestic periodicals is due to government subsidies.

Still, it is the protectionist urge in Congress that poses the greater threat to Canadian-U.S. relations. When times are tough, a little protectionism—or a demand for reciprocity—is a politician's best offense. Under normal circumstances these limitations would never get out of context. But, taken to the House of Senate floor. But, says Kinsman, the Canadian Embassy's political mission, notes that the lack of leadership in Congress has fragmented power and eroded discipline. Now, just as members of Congress can promote emergency domestic orders, they also mean of favorable publicity, if not into law.

Congressional impetuosity also leaves an administration neglect. Most Canadian-U.S. issues are, in the grand scheme of things, petty. As preoccupied with the Middle East, the Soviets and NATO, the White House seldom turns its attention to overseas imports or marketing barriers. Says Kinsman, "It leaves us feeling very frustrated." Until the U.S. economy improves, the feeling is not likely to fade.

—MICHAEL POISSON  
in Washington



Anne of Green Gables plate. (Bottom left) Anne of Green Gables plate. (Bottom right) Anne of Green Gables plate.

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# The lights go out on the NFL

By Hal Quinn

The lights went out at Arrowhead Stadium in Kansas City Thursday night. Weathered in the darkness were the bright hopes of local fans that the beloved Chiefs would do them proud as the team's first appearance on national TV in five years. But, for the first time in the National Football League's 65-year history, a strike extended a grieve that also threatened a vital part of life. The shutdown had been long in coming since January's Super Bowl, but when the strike finally came after the Green Bay Packers disposed of the New York Giants last week, fans, gamblers and television advertising executives were suddenly struck in gloom. Football widows and widowers had their mates back, for better and for worse.

Labor strife has become as much a part of modern sport as pennant drives and rushing exercises. But the NFL has long been a model of stability for hockey, basketball and baseball club owners. The business of football was—depending on any settlement, it may still be—a Horatio Alger drama with a happy ending. From rocky beginnings in the 1930s and '40s, when the league fought to wrest fans from old college loyalties, the NFL has become a multi-billion-dollar enterprise dispensing a product most Americans tune in to a seemingly insatiable audience. Unlike football, other major leagues face sprawling salaries because of upstart rivals and free-market bidding for talent (free agency). The NFL's owners covered its full expenses (the AFL and, although it released its players from benching, it set them free only to no-bidding agency. But, above all else, the NFL clubs denied a scheme to share their astronomical revenues—the latest TV contract splits \$1.1 billion among 26 teams over four years—and under the worst terms as viable as the Major League Baseball. Andrew Carnegie would have approved.

But the contract demands of the NFL Players Association (NFLPA), whose members are the lowest paid in professional sport, not only trouble as apple pie, they challenge the very tenets of U.S. high-mindedness. At stake are not just money, benefits and freedom, but control of the shop.



Players must fight: The issue was control.

The NFLPA's slogan, "We are the game," reflects the 16-year comparatively pithy salaries in the face of huge profits. The original demand was for 30 per cent of the owners' gross proceeds (\$14 million per team in 1986—hockey and basketball players reap slightly more than 55 per cent). Just prior to the strike the NFLPA's demand was advanced to 30 per cent of current and future TV

splitting fan, Rod Perry, enters the CFL.



revenues. The package would include \$1.6 billion over four years from TV, \$50 million for signing bonuses and \$5 million in other benefits. Whatever the merits of the suit, the uniqueness of the demand is that the funds go to the players through their union. The strike-out owners would set salaries and bonuses. The employees would run the business. Andrew Carnegie would not approve—nor do all of the \$600,000-a-year executives.

In a first pre-strike effort to maintain control, the owners offered a package worth \$1.6 billion over five years. It contained a revision of the free agent system, increased benefits and bonuses which, the bosses claimed, added more as much as \$100,000 to a veteran player. But the union didn't bite, and the players walked.

As both sides then addressed contingency plans, the Canadian Football League (CFL) frantically tried to lure an unsuspecting U.S. audience. The NFL owners cited a clause in the last collective agreement that prohibits players from working for any team but their NFL club. At week's end, the players countered with a lawsuit demanding the right to play in all-games that environmentalist maverick Ted Turner plans to broadcast on his super-satellite network. The big U.S. network, paying \$15 million last season for dark stadiums, facing the loss of \$60,000 for each 30-second commercial, looked north. NBC struck a deal to pick up CFL games at a mere \$100,000 each.

The notion of American fans to seduce red noses, white teeth and black uniforms and the CFL's lack of notoriety will not be known until the week. Unfortunately for Canadians, the novelty of listening to veteran NFL announcers and analysts struggling with the foreign version of the game will be blunted out in the major population centers. Thus, for the millions of voracious Canadian NFL fans, the strike is a tall tale; they don't even get their favorite American sportsman. And while rumors surfaced of missed contract talks, NFL fans on both sides of the border could take solace in the knowledge that their local bookies wouldn't be reaping a multi-million-dollar harvest from their hunches, at least for one week in the season. ◇

## The once-again runners-up

Gary Carter, having just signed a \$10-million contract, was understandably shocked as he surveyed the veterans and hopefuls working out at the Montreal Expos training camp last spring. "Yes, we certainly have the talent," smiled the ever-cautious 50-year-old, the best-born again neither over to play baseball repeated what he had repeated the spring before. "We've got the players to win it all this year."

His predictions last year came close to precision in the past three years as last Expos played for the National League East pennant during those seasons' final days. But now in this season's dining week, his '83 prophecy is lost among that of the other also-rans.

On that marbled day last March, Carter did mention an area of concern. "We have to get the situation at second base cleared up," he said in a press that

last September, Panning struggled through a rookie season as Expo pitcher on Steve Rogers said, "Anytime you have a rookie at a position, you have problems." That March day of Carter's optimism, Panning had actually decided that the hitting skills of 25-year-old rookie Wallace Johnson would more than compensate for his defensive shortcomings at second base—the link in the middle joining the catcher, pitcher and shortstop to the one closer Johnson did not own. "Here we go again," said second baseman Rodney Slater, who had combined few defensive skills with a weak bat and "attitudinal" problems throughout his major-league career.

Still, he hit 300 last season while protecting Tim Lincecum's assault on home-standing rosters. Scott was later released, joining a group of ex-Expos whose



Dejected Expos on the bench tonight: Carter's middle was too weak.

remained clubs as much as it does statistics, one of the most honest is, "You can't win without strength up the middle." But any search for reasons why the Expos (picked almost universally as easy winners this year) will not win the pennant need go no further than the "middle" and the St. Louis Cardinals. The Cards, whose manager, Whitey Herzog, deftly traded for "strength up the middle" is acquiring shortstop Orel Hershiser, last month played the off-base of baseball needed to take pennants. The Expos were, and are, capable of the same quality of play, but throughout the year they lacked not only strength but stability at a critical link: "the middle."

The problem may have started with manager Jim Fanning. A late pennant-drive replacement for Dick Williams

in little more than half a season at bat, troubled third baseman Larry Parrish also went south. In return, Montreal got commitment batsman Al Oliver, 28, currently the National League's leading hitter, who had re-written every Expo batting record except for home runs. Oliver displaced Warren Cromartie, a .304 hitter at first base last season. Rookie Tim Lincecum replaced Parrish, and Rainer became a rookie at second to replace Scott at all, while rookie Terry Pfenninger replaced Rainer in left field. Though a veteran of 13 seasons, Oliver was a rookie at first, not having played there regularly since 1976 when he was a Pittsburgh Pirate. Rookie manager Fanning completed the picture. And the problems began.

As the changes unfolded—in some areas gradually (Oliver's 14 errors by mid-July, 10 others, dramatically (pitcher Bill Lee leaving on his jersey and heading for a bus over Scott's release) Cromartie's hitting average



dropped 30 points, while Rainer's was off 45 points. The highly rated Expos pitching staff (with the exception of a superb year by Rogers) proved barely adequate, and the underdog staff of the Cards proved splendid. No number of Al Oliver hits (losing 10 in 300 at week's end) could ever introduce between shortstop Chris Speier and the catcher at second base, or the infield.

For his part, Carter alone closed on a shared company. His final statistics should reflect only the fourth line in history that a catcher has both hit over 300 and tagged 30 or more batters. "We could be forgiven for assuming, 'He had the talent.' But last season's end of this season's records prove that the Cardinals simply have more—and less commitment to the middle, in the infield and outfield and in the dugout. —H.Q.

# Famous last works

By Bill MacVicar

The final works of three of the greatest opera composers who ever put quill to five-line staves marked the September opening of the Canadian Opera Company's (COC) 1992-93 season. All were delightful (with the odd reservation) and all testified to the enduring and undiminished of a company establishing itself as one of the finest in North American opera. As it happened, the salutatory masterstrokes appeared in reverse order, starting in 1992 and ending back in 1791.

First was Richard Strauss's *Capriccio*, presented not as part of the COC repertory but as a contribution to the opening celebration for Toronto's recent 100th birthday. Ray Thomson Hall, Strauss's farewell to the operatic stage proved both a treat and something of a dinnery. The composer's wish was to explore, with the customary elegance and restraint of his later years, the fundamental battle among opera buffs— which is more important, words or music? To do so he reached back to the cool ambience of the late 18th century and rekindled one of his most ardent passions, the poetical Marshallin of *Der Rosenkavalier*. The Countess in *Capriccio* is wooed by two suitors, a poet and a composer, and her inability to decide between them, ultimately sung in the concluding message by soprano Jocelyn Macier, leaves the question of words vs. music up for grabs (as it ought to be).

To this issue, however, say concertgoers were added in the light of the sparkling new venue of the production. The stylized garish piece might be decided out with tempo (too frenetic) and American targets. In the opening scene— the death of Thomas Hall, the smallish orchestra occupied half the stage, the players the other. Rays flickered up at the high-back dais, as if the northern ship from *Glenn Goulders* of the Third Fleet were about to drop anchor. The hall's much heralded acoustics were superb in enhancing the lush music of the orchestra under Julius Rudel. But, when Jocelyn Macier turned her back, her voice faded to about a fuse in a

stereo amplifier had blown. Nonetheless, the rarity and charm of the work made it a worthy experience.

The season proper began the following evening in the COC's customary home, O'Keefe Centre. Giuseppe Verdi's *Falstaff* (1893) took the audience back to hazy old England of Shakespearean times. The Italian master came out of retirement to write a winning musical

However, *Falstaff* proved something of a trial to an audience expecting such Verdian hallmarks as dramatic sweep, thundering orchestras, and grand themes. Verdi did not make a grandiose exit as expected; instead, he chose to show the world that, if given another career, he would have created more immensely and prodigiously than his great singer might credence. As well, *Falstaff*'s resources that the COC's new custom of trying unfamiliar, difficult, but eminently worthy, works is not flagging.

While *The Magic Flute* was not the last opera Mozart composed, it was his last to be produced. Having the best of it in 1791. Returning to the Ringgold tradition he entertained with in such early offerings as *The Abduction from the Seraglio*, Mozart overtook the work heavily with aspects of psychology and Masonic ritual and a short lifetime's knowledge of fidelity, trust, duplicity, betrayal and, of course, his overarching theme, the love between men and women. *Falstaff* never more evenly rendered than in the "men and wife" duet. Andrew Porter's brilliant English translation resulted in singing that could be understood at least half the time— a fitting accomplishment.

Producers of *Flute* tend to be lavish, ornate and wildly imaginative. Designer Maurice Sendak's sets were no exception, with stylized Egyptian landscapes, enormous thrones, and a desert to discover their usual habitats, and steamy lands with felices as bright as a Renaissance painting. The idea of this illustration of children's books might be admired, but they said not to have been the star of the production.

With the same tenacity, director Frank Corsone chose to stage the opera in a way that constituted an itself. Inaugurated 18th-century figures drifted in, among them the composer himself, reading his score. Wolfgang Amadeus would have been appalled the music never quite lived up to dramatic Mozart's, though in her hands it was a Queen of the Night. Claudia Cummings acquitted herself better than anyone this side of Joan Sutherland. Still, the opera is fun to hear and fun to see. Its shortcomings, which were numerous, will not dampen the enthusiasm for opera to come later to this season. Going to the COC was once a must-remember obligation; nowadays it is pretty much a pleasure. ♦



Therese Borg as Falstaff in *The Magic Flute* during

comedy and chose one of Shakespeare's most vulgar characters, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. But, when persona puffer from one another, miracles can occur. Verdi seems to have mistaken his sketchbooks for every bit of melody that ever came to him and produced quite a score. The role of the lecherous doctor was more robustly by Louis Quilico, and the production was full of the fast-paced comic tropes that one expects of the COC under director Lotfi Mami

## Last notes of a finished symphony

When the telephone call came from the personal manager of the Atlantic Symphony Orchestra (ASO) last week, on that Anne Rapson was stunned. "It just didn't think it was conceivable," she recalls. Rapson and her husband, John, a classical pianist, had moved to Halifax three years ago after spending five years with the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra. "We thought this move was starting to give us a taste," she explains, "and we wanted to be in on the adventure." Instead, the Rapsons and 50 other ASO musicians became cultural casualties of the current recession when the symphony—mixed in an accumulated debt of \$475,000 and facing the likelihood of worse losses this year—decided to suspend operations indefinitely.

Since season subscriptions to the ASO had more than doubled last year in Halifax and sales were even brisker for the current season, the Rapsons were sure they were secure. Last summer, they even bought a house in Halifax's old south end. But they had not foreseen the saltwater 15-per-cent drop in private donations, and government restraint programs, which meant that the ASO received less-than-subsidized, non-permanent increases in government grants this year. Hector McLean, a prominent Halifax corporate lawyer and chairman of the ASO board, noted that despite the ASO's growing public popularity, no symphony survives on box office alone anymore.

The final blow came on Sept. 17 when the Nova Scotia government turned down a plea for "taxative non-funding" to write off the dangerously high deficit. Although the 34-year-old symphony had some major problems—such as extensive touring to live up to its Atlantic mandate—Fran Krenner, head of the Canada Council music section, mentioned last week that all arts organizations "are living on borrowed time" in the current economic straits. Said Council Director Tim Porteous: "It could happen elsewhere."

In Halifax plans are already afoot to subsume the orchestra from the subside of the ASO. Some musicians, including Anne Rapson, have begun meeting to discuss the shape of their future and at least two other groups of musicians and arts patrons, including one led by ASO conductor Victor Yampolsky, are considering sponsoring a new orchestra. "That's why we aren't planning to sell our house," says Rapson. "We're convinced there's a place for an orchestra here. And we still want to be part of it." —STEPHEN KIMBLE, *in Halifax*

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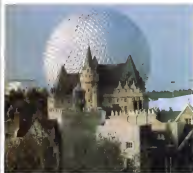
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## New magic in the kingdom



Typical Canadian 'château-style' hotel at Epcot. Mickey crosses his fingers

When Walt Disney World's new billion-dollar *Space Earth* opens outside Orlando, Fla., this week, it will offer as a new application for an organization symbolized by Mickey Mouse: it will also represent a vital new source of revenue during a time when the Disney magic may be fading. *Space Earth*, an ungainly acronym for Experimental Prototype Conceptualization of Tomorrow, as the 28,000-sq central Florida Disney complex, stands in sharp futuristic contrast to the childlike fantasy surroundings of Disney World, only four kilometers away. Instead of Cinderella's Castle, an 18-story gothic dome called *Spaceship Earth* looms at the park entrance. Replacing Main Street U.S.A. as the primary promenade is *Centropolis*, a sleek display of the computer wizardry sprouting all of Disney World's gadgetry. Even Mickey and his phobias of familiar *cartoon characters* have been banished from the new site, replaced by a heavy dose of World's Fair-style promotion, as Walt Disney Productions cuts out to elaborate, not just exteriorize.

The idea of a curious educational theme park represents a canny move to target the adult market. Disney officials are betting that the new population bulge of 25- to 45-year-olds and their families will be prepared to give

up free rides for more content for their leisure dollar. At \$15 for a full-day ticket, Disney Productions realizes it is taking a calculated risk, particularly in a recessionary time. But the prospect of a continuing slide in Disney World attendance (slipping from 14 million in 1978 to 12.1 million last year and down another five per cent in the first quarter of 1982) has made the venture a necessity, not just a gamble. Walt Disney Productions recently suffered its first loss in 14 years, and the Disney film division, despite the interest in this year's *TRON*, has been in decline since founder Walt Disney's death in 1966. Even the added sponsorship of seven major U.S. corporations, including General Motors and Kraft Inc., such as the tune of \$25 million over 10 years, does not ensure success.

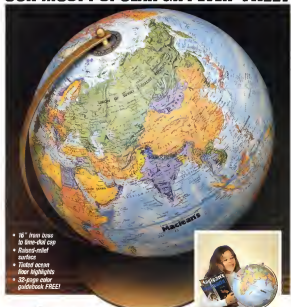
The gadgetry, however, will help. The impressive work of Disney "magicians" is most evident in the museum or walking trip through *Futuro World*, where visitors are presented with such sobering technological threats as energy, transportation and food production. Toronto can take a special time journey through the development of communication in *Spaceship Earth*. Or they can create art, conduct as arboreal or participate in a movie by using electronic devices in *Image Works*.

World Showcase, a panoramic glimpse of nine nations, including Canada, lies around a 40-acre lagoon. Canadian content, however, ventures no farther than postcard images. A frontier log trading post sells leather goods and Eskimo dolls to souvenir-hunting visitors, while a three-story mansion inspired by Ottawa's Château Laurier towers over a main road named in the name of Quebec City's Château Frontenac. Totem poles sculpted on the Disney site represent British Columbia, while Quebec receives scant attention except for a bilingual menu in Le Ciel restaurant—a waiting hole featuring such traditional Canadian beverages as Labatt's beer.

The Disney argument, perhaps realizing the pitfalls of attempting to squeeze complex countries into amusement park clichés, addresses the problem with spectacular 70-min and 90-degree films, offering a montage of scenes from each country. Deep in the Woodstock Meats section of the Canadian area, a Christmas film entitled *O Canada* offers dancing and dancing footage of a hockey game from the puck's point of view, descending by helicopter the Calgary Stampede, and snow games migrating over the St. Lawrence Seaway. Although Disney Productions would national governments to participate in the World Showcase, all demanded. Canadian participation was limited to John Labatt Ltd. and Associated Brewers of Canada Ltd., which just scores of major sponsors who will pump \$200 million into sports as the next 18 years.

One of the hoped-for bonuses of Disney's new educational entertainment approach will be a sizable increase in foreign visitors, who made up 18 per cent of Disney World's admissions last year. Most numerous by far were 420,000 Canadians, who were only a portion of the 1.5 million Canadians visiting Florida in 1981. (Canadians totaled a quarter of all international visitors to Florida.) Disney officials believe that since can attract eight million visitors next year, asserting that theme parks (invented by Walt Disney in Southern California 26 years ago) have not had their day. "If those parks are dying, why would the World and Cypress Gardens [two of the five major attractions within 50 km of Disney World] have undergone multimillion-dollar expansions along with two others in the past year?" asks Dean Galzer, assistant director of Florida's division of tourism. "The province, will have an 'acceptable influence' on Florida tourism and be an 'added incentive' to maintain Florida as the international capital of the world. Mickey has all his eggs in one basket." —ANN WALMSLEY, with Justin Johnson in Miami

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# A revisionist view of insulin's birth

By Pat Orlowski

For 60 years one of the highest points in Canadian history—and one of the most extraordinary medical discoveries of all time—has been presented as a fairy tale. Insulin, the salvation of diabetes, was discovered in 1921 by two young Canadian researchers, Frederick Banting and Charles Best, against overwhelming odds. While their boss, the chairman of the University of Toronto's physiology department, J.B.R. Macleod, was off in Scotland for the summer, Banting and Best, a fourth-year physiology student, labored in the dingy, ill-equipped little room they had been reluctantly granted.

Banting's men ate raw fruit, after dozens of operations on diabetic dogs, in a bid of premature faith. At Toronto General Hospital the researchers rejected a key animal, Leonard Thompson, saved his life, and introduced insulin to the world. As the accolades poured in, the two scientists became Olympic figures. Then, at Best, was the account that the world accepted: that a new boy, The Discovery of Insulin, by University of Toronto biochemist Michael Bliss, effectively reveals a much darker side of the process that led to the breakthrough.

The story that Bliss tells is a tangled, sometimes scary account of bitter rivalries, paranoia and even intrigues leading up to the discovery. He also documents ill-conceived experiments, sloppy research methods and false conclusions, which will mislead to produce the greatest achievement in the



Early insulin success: pathetic withered diabetes

history of Canadian science. "The discovery team was 'impossibly volatile,'" writes Bliss. "Its members were literally fighting about the discovery of insulin as virtually the day it was made." Battered edges marred the discovery almost from the beginning. The 1920 Nobel Prize for physiology or medicine was presented not to Banting and Best but to Macleod and Banting. Banting, apparently angered at the slight to Best, promptly divided his share of the \$24,000 prize with his colleagues, and Macleod followed suit, dividing his half

with J.B.R. [Bert] Collip, the biochemist from the University of Alberta who had purified the insulin extract. Also from the beginning, rumors about questionable activities in the insulin lab circulated in medical departments. The period's perception of greed taints, however, prevented the rumors from spreading beyond the university.

Now, Bliss has banished the myth down to human proportions. For one thing, Banting's original idea—of separating a

dog's pancreas by tying off the ducts leading into the intestine in order to collect the mysterious substance important for stopping diabetes—proved completely irrelevant. Insulin was better and more easily made from a fresh, whole pancreas. Macleod, far from being an unco-operative wet blanket, guided Banting and Best from the early stages (Banting was ignorant of the literature on diabetes and unfamiliar with laboratory methods) and underwrote the larger effort of processing insulin as "a completed package." Banting, the evidence strongly suggests, even came to physical blows with Collip when the latter insisted, toyed with the idea of keeping the secret of insulin purification to himself and patenting the process. Banting and Macleod laughed each other to their dying days.

Bliss also addresses the tantalizing question of who discovered insulin, and he answers that they all did. Banting, Best, Collip and Macleod. The Toronto team, he concludes, "did not realize that those who understood history would eventually come to hear all of them. Above all, we would honor their achievement."

In the present era of "human insulin," produced by laboratory cloning of bacteria, insulin jumps from surprisingly implanted and processed transplants, the horror that diabetes was was easily forgotten. Insulin revived patients from diabetic coma to minutes and restored life and health to pathetic, withered human skeletons in a few weeks. In light of the successful nature of the discovery, it was understandable that those who knew or suspected the details behind the wonder cure kept quiet, especially in dealing with outsiders. "My questions met with reticence in the beginning," Bliss told Macleod's. "But there was also a feeling: 'It's time now. The punition is spent.'"

Although Bliss does not stray from the actual events, he acknowledges that his book may serve as a parable. "There's suspicion going on as we science today that makes the insulin team look like Sunday school players," he says. "That's the price of achievement. I think we miss the true dignity of science if we elevate scientists into a new priesthood, as we have tended to do." □

Banting and Best: "an impossibly volatile team"



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## Death at the Rock

A boriginal call Ayers Rock, 348 km southwest of Alice Springs in Australia's Northern Territory, is the Great Pibba. At 358 m high, 2.6 km in diameter and it is said to be the world's largest monolith. It was that spectacle that lured the Chamberlains family from Mt. Isa, Queensland, to Australia's dusty, dead centre in 1980. But the vacation was abruptly shattered by the bizarre disappearance of Michael and Lindy Chamberlain's nine-week-old baby, Azaria.

First reports said that the child had been carried off and killed by a wild dog,

but then came allegations that she had been murdered by her mother. The subsequent court action, billed as Australia's trial of the century, began two weeks ago in the remote northern port town of Darwin. One week ago, the trial was riveted by the sensational story that slowly emerged in the Supreme Court of the Northern Territory.

Like many tourists, Seventh-day Adventist pastor Michael Chamberlain, 48, took photos that August evening, standing on top of his wife, now 34, peering with Azaria at the base of the rock. The family then returned to a nearby campsite, where Lindy put her 10-month-old son, Beau, to sleep while her husband prepared a meal in the barbecue area 50 m away. She and son Adam, 7, joined Michael, who a short time later, heard a baby's cry. When she went to investigate, Lindy, who earlier in the day had spotted droppings—Australia's wild dogs—claiming she saw one trotting off after emerging through the tent, apparently dragging something in its mouth.

The dog, she said, ran off, and inside the tent she found Beau's sleeping bag. Azaria's cot empty. The baby was never found. A few months later Lindy told an Alice Springs inquest that the dog had taken her baby. By then the dringo had generated widespread press

coverage and had created celebrities of the young couple. Still, the Chamberlains' version was accepted as fact by Carver Denis Barrett, who, for the first time in Australian legal history, in February, 1988, delivered his findings live on national television.

But the strange tale refused to fade away. The press continued to speculate over Azaria's fate. Finally, the chief magistrate of the Northern Territory ordered a reopening of the case and called in Britain's top forensic scientist and an expert on violent baby deaths, Malcolm Cameron, to examine Azaria's jumpsuit, undershirt and bonnet, which had been found at the foot of the rock. While the clothing was bloodstained, Cameron found no trace of dog saliva on it. That led to a new suspect, with a different scenario prevailing. The inquest heard additional evidence of bloodstains found in the Chamberlains' camera bag and on Lindy's clothing.

Last February, when the inquest closed, the Chamberlains were ordered for trial as for the baby's murder, he for being an accessory after the fact. The trial started even though Lindy is now almost eight months pregnant and may give birth before the jury of nine men and three women returns a verdict, expected in about four weeks.

In his opening statement, Crown Prosecutor Ian Barker told the jury that the dringo story was "a fanciful lie" designed to conceal the fact that Lindy had slit the baby's throat with a sharp instrument while sitting in their car. Michael had assisted in concealing the crime, claimed Barker, who added that the baby's clothing had been deliberately rubbed

on vegetation and cut with scissors to simulate a dog attack. The Crown, however, would not make speculation on the motive.

Only once did the Chamberlains lose the composure they have maintained throughout the inquests and trial. Last week a camper told of a conversation she had had with Lindy the day before the incident. The camper related that Lindy had told her that the baby's name was "Blessed of God" or "Believe." At that point both parents broke down and cried. With more than 30 witnesses yet to be called, it may only be the beginning of the ordeal.

—PHILIP GORDON in Sydney.

## A second reprieve

When residual paraneoplastic poisoning infiltrated transplant recipient James Fransen's new right lung, implanted Aug. 28, the surgical team at the Toronto General Hospital (TGH) had no choice but to consider a second, procedure-setting transplant. That prompted 150 live donors to offer one of their own healthy lungs so that the 32-year-old nursery gardener from Markham, Ont., could survive. After several failed efforts to keep potential donors alive long enough to be suitable for transplant, officials finally located a candidate in Atlanta last week. But, as Fransen clung to life following the second marathon operation in three weeks, the odds of keeping him alive by a procedure whose long-term track record remains at zero were skyrocketing ever higher.

The price tag of Fransen's double transplant ordeal, according to one estimate, is now more than \$250,000. And, though the 50-member transplant team operated for a total of 17 hours, there is no allowable fee for lung transplantation in the Ontario medicare scheme. Fransen's insurance company promises to pick up all costs (ranging at \$2,000 a day). Still, vast amounts of time and effort have been expended for more than a month on a single patient. "What bothers me is that the man is doomed," says health critic and former member of the Ontario Health Council, "they are putting him through all this agony, but you know and I know and they know he's going to die anyway."

The scientific benefits from such a surgical experiment are difficult to assess. Currently, TGH is the only hospital in North America that has both the expertise and the equipment to perform single lung transplants. Encouraged by the fact that there were no signs of infection or rejection following Fransen's first transplant, (an even in the vulnerable bronchus [an airway connection] where the new lung is reconnected), three more single transplants have been proposed by the hospital during the next 18 months.

In Fransen's case the hospital maintains that there is no question of sparing any effort where a life is concerned—regardless of the high cost. Says spokesman David Allen: "We had to give Fransen the only chance he had for survival."

—PAN HARRISON in Toronto.

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# PHOTOGRAPHY



Guatemala's Puerto Escondido, Oaxaca, Mexico: a rare haven for humanity

## Art without a heartbeat

By David Livingstone

**I**n the current climate, when culture is too often a matter of predictable formulas and custom recipes, the word "new" amounts to a promise. Many will approach the current exhibition at the Canadian Centre of Photography in Toronto, entitled *New Canadian Photography*, primed for an adventure, hoping for discovery and challenge. As a result, because the show is something much less than richly rewarding, it adds disappointment to what otherwise would only be dissatisfaction. One comes away, like Peggy Lee, wondering if that's all there is.

The 147 works by 57 photographers, either born or working in Canada and for the most part unknown, display a disarming homogeneity that comes from overzealous efforts to prove that the camera is more than a device for recording external reality. Life, as it is, is passed over in favor of contrived and calculated. The result is not an expanded notion of photography's aesthetic capability but rather

a self-conscious heartlessness. Vancouver's Terry Kwiatk has taken great pains, snapping Polaroids of herself against two-color backgrounds and arranging them to form grotesque puppets. However, her strained ingenuity, made to seem even more so when muddled with such labels as *The Great Curve of Growth*, is ludicrously reminiscent of dance numbers directed by Busby Berkeley. Linda Duval of Kirkland Lake, Ont., seeking to make a statement about yet more greenhouse designs—life, death, rebirth—records the hapless dances of houseplants, shooting them indoors and in snow. What she does is a generous artist intentionally preposterous.

The stagnation that prevails throughout *New Canadian Photography* is not always so futile. Using the slick lighting of commercial studio photography, a variety of props and the services of a plump male who sports female apparel with aplomb, Edna Gurnet of Toronto makes much of money, the media and even in a series called *In Trouble*. His photographs have the in-

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teensy and deliberation of fashion shots. At the same time, they avoid the genre's easy resources, offering instead an unsettling, violent vision of civilization on the brink. Fortunately, the power of the images is not inspired by Gierst's personal text—an intriguing tale about an old man, an eagle and herring gulls.

Toronto photographer Stagh Alexander also combines words and pictures. Here, a series of 10 black-and-white collages, a vision of violence presented in the form of storyboards. Grey, grainy, marked-upon images of mayhem and lust tell the tale of a heartbroken woman called Dora and her sleep companion called Doc. "Dora lived in a small house close to a city

of the interior of ruins, partly the eye, but their pretensions is conspicuous in the new school of color photography and does nothing to stir the soul. Although there is evidence of human life, the scenes are unpeopled and are typical of a show in which things and concepts take precedence over persons. That bias achieves its most fulsome expression in Alison Reaster's portraits of a teacher, a child, a man, a woman and a similar subject. She brings us face-to-face with the texture of an electric iron, but the encounter, not enlivened by any sense of touch, is as brutal as it sounds.

Overall, the artists seem too kind and cynical to be bothered with human-kind. The only work to display any overt concern for anyone's welfare is a series



Reaster's 'Paranoid State' really passed over for confidence and calculation

which offered many opportunities. Tired of her life, she began her home ... " This begins an extremely idyllic and truly possible of modern romance and urban crisis.

To much less confident effect, Japan Reaster also attempts to have fun with words, but her efforts consist of heavy-handed visual puns that make you wish she had left language to her literary betters. In one black-and-white print, she presents a flame labelled "Alison," a woman, with her face buried in her hands, labelled "Alison" and a flower labelled "Alison." In another, a woman points at a spinning globe as if she has the power to stop it. That photo is titled *Pursued State*—as if that has some meaning.

Serendipity is generally avoided as if emotional involvement were somehow hopelessly old hat. Images, such as Lawrence Gilbert's studies of the exterior of houses and Margaret Stabile's studies

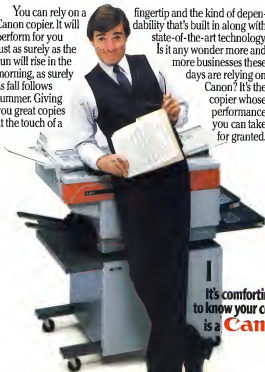
shot in Mexico by Rafael Goldbaum. Much of his work conveys a subtle opposition for a primitive culture swamped by imperialist forces. The picture of a blurred, barefooted young woman stumbling over rocks in flight from a Pepsi-Cola truck and its laughing driver powerfully suggests two kinds of rape. In a picture of a woman with her leg outstretched and a cat with outstretched paw, he captures a sweet, lyrical accident as two creatures succeed to lay animal instincts.

Regrettably, Goldbaum's conscience in the assembly. Joyce Salomon, the young photographer who founded *New Canadian Photography*, dismissed most social realism that had been exhibited in the catalogue he explains that in that category there was "nothing that hadn't been seen before." One wishes that he had been less kind, less on morality and had given viewers more opportunity to decide for themselves. ☺

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## FILMS

### A pair of tired twins

YES, GIORGIO

*Directed by Francis Schaffner*

MY FAVORITE YEAR

*Directed by Richard Benjamin*

And the winners of this year's Busby Berkeley Award are *Yes, Giorgio* and *My Favorite Year*. The bloodless style of the screenmaking comes through the cartoonishness of both, as though each was expressly created to be shown to a blue-rinsed audience concerned in a giant Florida condominium. *Yes, Giorgio* marks the movie debut of Luciano Pavarotti, playing an opera singer; *My Favorite Year* is the latest comeback of Peter O'Toole, playing a former matinee idol making a comeback. While one sings and the other doesn't, each twin shares several characteristics: slapstick is very much of the house; a remarkable double for visual variety and subtlety; mild toilet humor; and an attitude that women are merely "skirt" to be chased.

Of the two, *Yes, Giorgio* is the siller starer and therefore the more enjoyable. As Giorgio Pini, Pavarotti plays himself, a top-heavy Lohengrin who brings along self-satisfaction and his high C's. When a throat doctor (Kathryn Harrold) cuts an attack of pycnostomatia

*Pavarotti, Harrold: an excess of heart*



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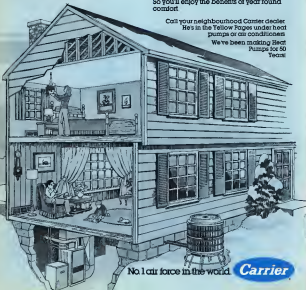
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matrices before a performance, he falls in love with her, which is to say he metaphorically drags her by the hair back to his cave. "Pamela," he tells her, "you are a thirty-year-old. You can water you." If Pam were in an opera, it would be called *Le Cre-Mignon del West*.

Still, if a man gives a man a lift in his Ruffs and surrounds her, as he is charming? And if he can convince a little black boy to have his towels taken out, is he not one hell of a guy? The throat doctor, much against her better judgment, thinks so. But the course of true love does not run smoothly here. Pam has a wife, and the doctor has her patients to think about. Before they part to pursue art and medicine respectively, there is a good foot fight (yes, including pins) and a lot of tears and passion from the Pavlovian machine. When he sings on screen he might recited some of a fat Desana Desana with a beard, notably when he turns into *I Left My Heart in San Francisco* with its *foolish* close ends. There is hardly any need for Pavlov to leave his heart there since he has lately been leaving it freely on the operatic and mental stages, still managing to retain enough of it to carry around on his sleeve.

In *My Favorite Year*, Peter O'Toole carries his second ladder in the end of his pants. The character of the actor, Alan Swann, is loosely based on Errol Flynn, and it is embarrassingly absurd to watch O'Toole unbuttonable in film clips from Swann's heyday. The man looks as though he can barely breathe, let alone fight with a sword.

Set in the '50s during the time of live television, *My Favorite Year* has the same kind of cramped banquets and elegant firing that marks *Fox*. Giorgio (Not coincidentally, Norman Macdonald wrote the screenplay for one and cowrote the other) *My Favorite Year* is meant to be teaching as well as side-splitting when Swann comes through for a young writer gives the job of keeping his sober for an appearance on TV comedy show. But Mark Lam-Baker on the opposite line so many reflections of the director (actor Richard Benjamin, making his debut) that the character is instantaneously stale.

There are many misused scenes in this movie—Bill Macy, Joe Bologna, Jessica Harper and Catherine Mitchell—who are required to scream at one another during a scintillating endless gaggle of gaps. O'Toole does keep his eyes open long enough to participate in one witty exchange when someone says to Swann, "A pleasure to see you." For more without needing a heat, he replies, "A pleasure to be seen." With regard to both *Fox*, Giorgio and *My Favorite Year*—Twentieth and Twentieth-century—neither less applies.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

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## DEVELOP, The Westin Hotel,

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HOUSTON, The Westin Galleria & The Westin Club  
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## NEW YORK, The Plaza

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## HEALTH

# The myth of immunity

**W**hile you make up your mind about whooping cough vaccination, thousands of children are holding their breath," warns the sobering media message in Britain, where as many as 3,000 new cases of the childhood disease are being reported each week. With four children dead so far, this year's British epidemic is the worst since 1967, the year whooping cough vaccination was first introduced. Meanwhile, the scare has spread to another disease, diphtheria—once a major child killer but until recently thought to have been almost wiped out by modern medicine. In the past month, two cases have been reported in Britain, neither fatal.

There the scare has been attributed to the attitude by the parent

*Childhood diseases with serious complications are finding a footing as parents neglect regular immunization*

generation of parents that such diseases are a thing of the past. In the case of whooping cough, public fear of the vaccine itself has contributed to the epidemic. British immunization levels—at a high of 80 per cent in the early 1970s—plummeted to 31 per cent in 1978 following publicity about brain damage to a child who received a vaccination. "The fact that brain-damage risks from one vaccine were brought to public notice undoubtedly had a rebuff effect," commented a spokesman for the health ministry. By 1980 immunization levels rose again but only to 45 per cent. Physicians and health officials are now trying to convince an alarmed public that the risk of complications from the disease is far greater than any danger attached to the shots.

In Canada, where the total number of whooping cough cases for all of last year equals the number appearing each week in Britain (see chart), the situation is quite different. While many parents may be reluctant to immunize children unnecessarily, the vaccine used in Canada has a better track record. "We need not fear a whooping cough epidemic here," says epidemiologist Stan Axtell,



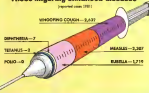
**"A Heineken: that's exactly what I had in mind."**

shift of communicable diseases at Health and Welfare Canada. And "we haven't experienced the same problems [with the vaccine] that they have in England." In addition, since more than 88 per cent of infants across Canada have been inoculated against whooping cough (beginning with the diptheria-tetanus-whooping cough "baby needs," usually given at two or three months of age), the pool of unprotected children is much smaller.

It is other childhood diseases, particularly red measles, with the attendant risk of blindness or deafness, that cause greater concern in Canada. Too often considered as an annoying but harmless part of childhood, measles complications claimed the lives of 129 Canadian children between 1969 and 1979 and remain the country's second most prevalent contagious childhood disease. Germany, which has a compulsory school-entry vaccine, announced with persistent brain damage, to about one in 1,000 cases. Rare infections or pneumonia follow the standard fever and rash in one out of every 25 cases. Serious compo-

## Those lingering childhood diseases

(reported cases 1971)



Source: Health & Welfare Canada

sequences of other diseases (fatal abnormalities with rubella and the chance of male sterility with mumps) are well known. And polio and diphtheria cases are still required to keep the lid on those former scourges because the germs that cause them are still around.

Keenly aware of the costs of childhood diseases, two provinces have taken an unprecedented step. First New Brunswick, then Ontario, have introduced into the schoolroom with a new law making proof of immunization against measles, rubella, mumps, diphtheria, polio and tetanus a requirement for school attendance. This month, as

The ultimate hope for Canadian immunization programs—whether legislated or persuaded through voluntary programs, as in the other eight provinces and two territories—is no less ambitious than the eradication of measles. Before 1969, when the World Health Organization officially declared smallpox a disease of the past, such a goal would have seemed unachievable. But now, smallpox remains the only disease required for international travel because the agent that caused the disease has vanished.

Though some epidemiologists feel it will be a harder task to eliminate mea-

les the school year begins, any child entering the system for the first time will feel the effects of the legislation. "The medical officer of health can enforce the legislation by suspending an extremely noisy pupil from school," says senior medical consultant Jacqueline Carlson of the Ontario Ministry of Health. Exemptions will be granted for medical and religious reasons, but most officials feel the number of pupils in those categories will be negligible.

Across the country, impressive progress has already been made in the United States. After four years of compulsory immunization in all 50 states, cases of measles are extremely rare. Reports Philip Horne of the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, Ga. "There have been only 1,188 cases of indigenous (non-imported) measles reported in the United States so far this year. Compared to 1964, this is more than a 98-per-cent decrease." By comparison, Canadian cases occur at 10 times the U.S. rate when the population difference is taken into account.

Legislation to control the disease may not be necessary in all provinces. Already, Alberta and Saskatchewan boast at least 95-per-cent immunization rates for the "big six" through voluntary efforts—while public information campaigns, easily available public health clinics, and pressure and follow-up on the schools.

Meanwhile, the hidden variable may be the parents themselves. An unknown percentage of the adult population may have no immunity to mumps, measles and rubella, and many tend to regard such diseases as strictly childhood problems. While there are no plans to require immunization for adults, they may be as vulnerable as their children.

—PAT O'LENDORF in Toronto

## Dialling for medical messages

A volunteer at the Cape Breton Hospital in Sydney, Nova Scotia, answered a button on the special telephone console and heard the quivering voice of a young girl who asked, "May I listen to tape 149, please?" The caller reached to a shelf containing nearly 300 pre-recorded cartridges, selected tape 149, and inserted it in the console. As soon as the tape ended the phone lit up again, and the same voice asked for tape 68.

Tapes 149 and 68 deal with rape and child abuse, and the young girl is one of 21,885 Cape Bretoners who have flooded the psychiatric hospital's Tel-Med line during its first five months in operation. The service, the first of its kind in Canada, offers a series of three to seven-minute health information tapes on subjects ranging from alcoholism and drug abuse to birth control, guidance to parents and depression. Topics are listed in the phone company's Yellow Pages, and the tapes can be heard anonymously anywhere in Cape Breton by dialling a toll-free number.

Tapes dealing with sexuality have been, probably, the greatest demand, says co-ordinator Kevin McCormack. He says teenage sexual response, male sexual response, masturbation and ho-

monosexuality top the list. Anonymity appears to be the system's chief appeal, as callers seek information on awkward or intimate subjects, but it can also be the system's most frustrating flaw. Aside from telling callers at the end of each tape where they can obtain further information or help, the hospital has no way of following up on such cases as the youngster inquiring about abuse.

Many callers are so self-conscious that without the number system they would never pick up the phone. As an experiment, McCormack once broke in on 18 calls asking users to identify the tape whose number they had requested. Eight of the 18 hung up.

The California-based Tel-Med organization, which has 980 affiliated hospitals throughout the United States, supplies tapes based on scripts previously screened by a medical advisory panel in Sydney, thus permitting any editing necessary to fit particular local circumstances. The final product tends to be clinical, factual, and scrupulously free of moralistic overtones. The system is not without its own talons, however. Hospital officials have often been unable to agree on the slant of a tape covering identities. —FRANK RUSSELL in Cape Breton

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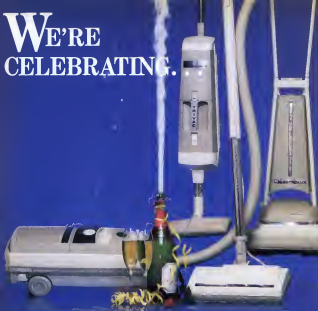
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### CONSUMERISM

## Machines that talk back

Nicole Dean did not notice the sticker announcing a talking machine when she deposited 50 cents for a drink recently at a northeast Calgary supermarket. As a result, she was visibly startled when a beeping scale said, "Hi, I'm a talking Coca-Cola machine. Make your selection please." Dean recovered enough to push the button, but remained worried about her role in the new technological evolution. "I felt so foolish not knowing whether I was supposed to talk back or not," confessed Dean, as the machine thanked her, invited her to return, and rewarded her to pick up her change. "And I thought those machines that can change a \$1 bill were really something great," she said.

Indeed, technology has leaped from silent bill changers into the film fantasy world of talking scales and conversing ovens. Voice synthesis is old hat for toys, but the news of the talking computer chip into adult appliances—down radio clocks to sports cars—is more recent. And adults, it seems, are more awestruck than any child with a talking doll. "One guy went and bought six more cars after the first," says Len West, a sales manager for Lehighridge's Amalgamated Beverages, which has been installing the talking machines in southern Alberta this summer. "He said he never had a machine talk to him before." In Medicine Hat a talking machine sold 66 cases of pop in four days, which is double the rate of an average silent machine.

Scientists around the world are now busily developing all kinds of verbal gadgets, of which talking clocks seem the most popular. "We can't keep them in stock," says Esther Barragry, a Brier saleswoman in Calgary, "and we sell a lot to the blind." A talking clock from Japan, retailing for \$189.95, makes a chime with a voice announcing, "It's now 5 o'clock." Showers are allowed five minutes before the voice is back. "Attention, please. It's now 7:05 a.m. Please hurry." A talking scale is also in the offing. Howard Andersen, president of the Boston consulting firm the Tastee Group, told a Toronto conference this summer that the talking scale will not only admonish an overweight owner with a phrase such as "250 pounds, fatty" but it will then send a signal to the kitchen "to start the coffee pot hold the Donut—he is too pudgy." According to the firm, consumer electronics is a burgeoning field, and there has been a proliferation of new specialty shops in the past year.

Garry Schock already finds his talking car invaluable—it told him twice in one day that he had left his headlights on. The Calgary distribution supervisor for Mount Automotive Co. (Canada) had maps about half a dozen voice commands are now standard features on luxury Datsun cars. Not to be

outdone, Ford is developing a car for people like Dean, who have an aversion to large talk back to machines. In a couple of years Ford drivers will only have to speak to the dash to command the car automatically to perform such tasks as raising and lowering the windows. But consumers charmed by the novelty may still regret it. With machines chattering their way into bedrooms and garages, it won't be a matter of time before clocks and cars join the ban-mat chorus that already sends customers away with, "Have a nice day."

—SUSANNE SWAKEN in Calgary



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# Academia's new migrant workers

By Mark Magill

Fifteen years ago Bruce Walton started university. He studied engineering but then switched to Canadian history at Carleton University in Ottawa and excelled. Prompted by his professors, he continued on into graduate work, supporting himself by teaching a variety of courses. When he finishes his PhD next year at the age of 38 he will be more than qualified to hold a university teaching position. In all likelihood, however, he will find say openings. Instead, he will continue to subsist on a succession of short-term teaching assignments as he has done over the past seven years. Unlike many professionals his age, he has never enjoyed more than eight months of job security. "It is not as if people in my position have had to struggle with poverty," says Walton, "but neither can we look forward to permanence or stability in our careers."

Walton's situation is symptomatic of a demographic and economic crunch that has all but squeezed the life out of a generation of academics—especially those in the humanities fields. Three decades ago universities were small, elite enclaves. But between 1950 and 1990 the undergraduate population of Canada quadrupled and the number of universities doubled. Institutions frantically hired professors from the United States to staff their burgeoning departments as well as encouraged an unprecedented number of Canadians to enter graduate studies to teach the next generation of students. Then, in the early '80s, the bottom fell out.

Not only did university classes shrink but the students who remained opted for courses with more economic crunch training than those offered by a general arts program. Overstuffed faculties mopped hiring permanent employees. Many began cutting back. Indeed, from 1985 to 1979 new university humanities teachers increased by 2,091. But from 1979 to 1985 the figure was less than a meagre 170. Moreover, tenure—the granting of a secure university position usually lasting a lifetime and the promise of an academic's career—was becoming rare. Today, for every scholar who obtains a tenure-track position, six are refused.

As a result, arts faculties have reeled through the past decade like a boxer trying to recover from a sucker punch. But the brunt of the blow has been borne by the more than 3,000 PhDs in

the humanities fields. Young academics today generally spend a number of rootless years on short-term, nonrenewable contracts while they search in vain for a permanent post. In essence, they have become, as the Canadian Federation for the Humanities has said, those "seasonal migrant workers" of the 20th-century humanities of the medieval monks who travelled through Europe to study with renowned masters; they are overeducated and live on whatever can be spared from squeezed budgets.

The personal price paid by those who stick out the academic grind is high. Graham Reynolds attributes a signifi-

cant theme in philosophy drew the academic equivalent of rave reviews. The external examiner, John Yellin, one of North America's most highly respected philosophers, called it the best piece of philosophy he had read that year. In many cases, then, the talent just is the Canadian university community is not simply good, it is the very best. Today's crop of underemployed PhDs are described by the Association of Canadian University Teachers of English as "a body of scholars more highly qualified and experienced than any of its forebears."

The plight of the wandering scholars



Reynolds: "I can never rest on my laurels in the way that a tenured professor can"

cant share of the blame for the breakdown of his marriage to the employment uncertainty he faced through prolonged years of graduate study in history. Since 1970 he has taught at the College of Cape Breton in Nova Scotia. But every year he worries about whether or not his contract will be renewed. "I can never rest on my laurels in the way that a tenured professor can," he says. "I have to exceed the normal standards just to keep my job for another 12 months."

Not surprisingly, many decide to forgo the seasonal teaching circuit and seek employment elsewhere. Lawrence McFarlane is currently with the Treasury Board Staff of the Saskatchewan government, but six years ago his

has remediation far beyond the lives of the individuals directly affected. Undergraduate students in humanities are often taught by permanent staff members who are part their pen and sometimes out of contact with the latest, most exciting developments in their fields. Many of these other teachers, however, are disillusioned term appointees rarely permitted to design their own courses. "Over the past 20 years Canada has built up an international reputation for scholarship in the human studies," declares Viviane Lussier, executive director of the Canadian Federation for the Humanities. "It will be difficult to keep it that way if we lose the better part of an academic generation." ♦

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## A pooling of the faithful

For a faith that has, through the centuries, been divided along ethnic and national lines and that has anxiously retained a monolithic identity, the decision earlier this month to establish a single Lutheran church for 55 million Americans has struck Christian observers in Canada like a thunderbolt. Amid crying and clapping, 1,500 Lutheran delegates representing three U.S. Lutheran denominations voted almost unanimously to work toward a new church by 1990 that would be the fourth-largest Protestant denomination in the country. Rapidly dissolving was the speed of the conversation. Though most American Lutherans have shared a common book of worship and communion practices for several years, the ecumenical candle was lit only last year. It was at their convention in 1983 that leaders of the three churches finally bowed to overwhelming grassroots support for merger.

Reaction from Canadian Lutherans has been merciful, underscoring the emotional issues at work among two Lutheran denominations in the country

which are committed to their own merged Canadian Lutheran church by 1986. Representatives of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Canada (ELCC) and the Lutheran Church of America (LCA), together representing an estimated 200,000 members, will meet in Saskatoon, Sask., next month to resume merger discussions. Bishop William Hamm, head of the LCA's Eastern Canadian Synod, welcomed the U.S. gestures toward international ecumenism. But he acknowledged that for Canadian LCA members, national solidarity would mean a "painful severing of ties from their U.S. counterparts. Robert Beckman, president of the LCA in Canada, claimed, "There are some who feel quite strongly that it would be better if we had one North American Lutheran church." Even worshippers voting at synod conventions are split on whether or not to extend allegiance to their American brethren by joining a continental movement.

If support for North-South ties continues to grow, it could single-handedly jeopardize a Canadian union. Said ELCC



Hamm: feverish task of national merger

President Theodore Jacobson, whose 80,000-member church has broken ties with its U.S. parent body: "We are not anti-American. But we don't want to be reconnected to the United States."

Territorial and cultural boundaries are an integral part of Lutheran heritage. Martin Luther's movement flourished first in Germany, Scandinavia and the Baltic countries—as national churches—then in the New World, as



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spiritual pockets of the old, complete with church, language and indigenous customs. Though various Lutheran churches of the world meet annually at the Lutheran World Federation, they, like most Protestant churches, lack a unifying symbol—such as the Roman Catholic papacy. As late as the 1950s there were roughly one dozen distinct Lutheran churches in North America. Lutheran services in Toronto currently are offered in 11 languages, including Chinese, German, Danish and Estonian. Nevertheless, the churches themselves have atrophied or amalgamated into few major denominations in the United States and three in Canada.

Despite the fervent talk of union on both sides of the border, there is still one disinterested observer. The rapidly fundamentalist Lutheran church Missouri Synod, which subscribes to a more literal interpretation of the Bible, has stayed clear of the merger. The 95,000-member church in Canada pulled the ecclesiastical plug over the issue of allowing women pastors, a doctrinal decision adopted by the LCA and, later, the ELCC.

Between the ELCC and the LCA there are no outstanding theological rifts to bridge. Only issues of administration and the need to frame a position on American Lutherans stand in the way of a new church—to be called the Evangelical Lutheran Church in Canada. Most conspicuously overlooked in the organizational jostling is the number of regions that the new church will have. The ELCC, with few congregations east of Manitoba, is ivory of one eastern region, encompassing Quebec, Ontario and the Atlantic provinces. Forcing the predominantly LCA membership there will dominate the new church.

As for relationships between a new merged Canadian Lutheran church and a merged U.S. Lutheran church, Bishop Harnas says it is critical that pastors be allowed to have mobility. "One of the greatest failures of the church has been the inability to transcend national boundaries," he says. "It's not like our country has its own direct link to God."

Identity crises are a way of life for the Lutheran church in North America. And even the belated and incomplete advances toward a national church here add to the church's own mind-numbing ecclesiastical driven within the Anglican and Roman Catholic churches. But, from his Minneapolis office, David Pruett, presiding bishop of the U.S. Lutheran Church, sees one more Lutheran marriage as the faith's possible god-send. "If there is increasing inter-change—as I suspect—between Canadian and U.S. life, then the day of one North American church may not be far down the road."

—PETER PATOY in Toronto.

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# Exiles in an exotic dream

THE IVORY SWING  
By Judith Turner Haplin  
McGraw-Hill and Bantam  
300 pages, \$36.95

**T**he annual \$50,000 Seal First Novel Award can be a blessing and a curse for an author. It takes a story of genuine craft and innovation to make the reader stop adding up the \$75 metaphors, and this year's winner, *The Ivory Swing*, succeeds. It turns the shopworn plot of Canadiana's exile into a romance, intelligent, well-written first novel, and for that combination alone it deserves a prize.

Juliet and David are "university people" from a small Ontario town bearing a strong resemblance to the author's home town of Kingston. When David's research takes him to India for a year, Juliet goes with him, bringing along their two children and her own consuming project, the conflict between married love and freedom. "Independence smothered the suffer in her gut, but domestic contentment was in her genes, heavy to lead." From the time she runs proudly down in Lusher's Home Daydream at times, but for every lyrical excess there is a leap of imagination and a

Hospital: more than \$75 metaphors



commitment to sensual prose that makes the lyrics forgivable (even an unhelpful phrase: "The pterodactyl will swoop out from the fen of the ill-do"). The humid language also suits the setting: a still, hot, dusty village in southern India, where "sensuality is contagious." Before long, the perfumed prose effectively casts a spell through which we watch a woman in a dream, dreaming of reality.

Juliet's fantasies are the old standby—an apartment alone in Montreal and a former lover named Jeremy (her name invariably have phony-sounding initials). But the dream she ends up living in is a beautiful house under coconut palms. Her landlord considers it rude to refuse servants, so she reluctantly accepts one houseboy. As the time to make a leap part of her fantasy, Juliet sees that the freedom she imposes on him sometimes makes him suffer more than she takes he understands. In India the notion of independence is more complicated than simply refusing to act like a faculty wife.

All around her, Juliet sees women "who share with love and resentment the silver edges of their lives." One of them is a beautiful young widow, Yashoda, who longs to escape her forced marriage and violent father. Yashoda returns to and out of the Canadiana flows like a gorgeous trapped bird, reminding Juliet of her old chrysalis and giving her husband some new ones.

At home in Canada Juliet drifted inside her own arguments about freedom that in India the questions of freedom become palpable, she lives with a servant boy who cannot change his caste and she watches Yashoda struggle, like herself, to slip free of her family's embrace. In a number of similarly concrete, graceful ways, *The Ivory Swing* asks the questions that novels used to ask: How are we to live? Which rules deserve to be broken and which protect our beds? Especially, how do postcolonists people stay married?

The closest thing to an answer is offered in the title, which refers to an ivory carving of the Indian gods Radha and Krishna, tangled in an embrace so strong that it freezes in mid-air. That is how Juliet sees her own "sprawled life," caught between poles and going nowhere in perpetual motion, depending on your point of view. The ending is rather dark, but the commitment to the ambivalence involved is honest and affecting.

—MARIE JACKSON



Batten: good anecdote, little insight

## A gentle defence of the defenders

IN COURT  
By Jack Batten  
Macmillan of Canada,  
256 pages, \$19.95

**G**ood courtroom advocates tend to be good narrators as well. When Jack Batten sat down and talked with some of Canada's foremost trial lawyers, some disarming anecdotes emerged. In *Court*, a companion to Batten's 1980 best seller, *Lawyers*, performs a service by introducing a number of distinguished figures who can easily serve as Canadian counterparts to such famed American advocates as Louis Brandeis. Unfortunately, it offers little else: no analysis or challenging insight, and certainly no criticism.

Each chapter, with one exception, focuses on a single litigation lawyer. The emphasis is on criminal law, and some of the country's best are represented: Vancouver's Tom Braidwood and Bert Oliver, Winnipeg's old tiger, Harry Walsh, and Toronto's David Humphrey (who is perhaps most renowned for an entirely nonlegal activity in the 200 Grey Cup he stuck out a foot along the sideline and tripped a touchdown-bound Hamilton Tiger-Cat). There is a long profile—almost a homage—of J.J. Robbette, the acknowledged dean of Canada's trial lawyers. While all of these men have engaged in some spectacular trials, and no doubt drama makes for good reading, the blandness of Batten's approach prevents the book from being more than incoherent entertainment. That is a pity, because the material is

there—in the lawyers and their aggressive, abrasive, theatrical production—for much more. A hint of what *In Court* could have been is given in the small throwaway chapter on Don Bitter, a middle-aged criminal lawyer in Kitchener, Ont. "All kinds of things can happen in criminal law that might tip a guy over the edge," Bitter says. "The devil made it actually kind of unappealing." He adds, and he describes his profession as a mindfield, cluttered with threats to the coanet's psychic stability. Such a disturbing, provocative perspective might have been threaded throughout the book and tested against the other advocates.

But each of Batten's lawyers stands alone with his own triumphant anecdotes, and nowhere do we descend below the surface to see if the scenes are really there and what they might be. There is no mirroring between the attitudes expressed. Robbette declares that the age of barbarism tactics, of passionate jury addresses, is over—can no longer win cases by moving juries to tears. Yet Braidwood's style is presented as largely an exercise in theatrical showmanship. In another chapter Caroline Lindberg, a young Toronto lawyer, speaks of feeling confident of a trial verdict when she saw a juror crying during the defense's closing address. These diverse perspectives open up fascinating ground for a journalist, especially one such as Batten who is a lawyer himself. Instead, all we have are generalizations from the subjects, and inconsistent ones at that.

### MACMILLAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

#### Fiction

- 1 *The Painted Music*, Lindholm (3)
- 2 *Different Seasons*, Krug (3)
- 3 *The Prodigal Daughter*, Aronoff (3)
- 4 *Master of the Game*, Sklaroff (3)
- 5 *The Man from St. Petersburg*, Folger (1)
- 6 *The One Tree*, Donaldson (3)
- 7 *Manicure Queens*, Greville (2)
- 8 *The Case of Lucy Sordley*, Sordley (3)
- 9 *Extraordinary*, Piers (3)
- 10 *Maddison*, Piers (3)

#### Nonfiction

- 1 *Canada with Love*, Moss (3)
- 2 *Joe Foweraker's Worked Book*, Foweraker (3)
- 3 *The Great Code*, Frye (3)
- 4 *The Empire Strikes Back*, Escombe and Fisher (3)
- 5 *Living, Learning and Learning*, Braidwood (3)
- 6 *What Has This Happened to Me?*, People, Kasher (3)
- 7 *Parsons*, Leary (3)
- 8 *Years of Upheaval*, Kinsinger (3)
- 9 *Late Education*, Parsons and Shaw (3)
- 10 *The Fate of the Earth*, Schell (3)

(3) Pending first week

In an apology, Batten calls these lawyers "my favorite people." Here, one suspects, lies the source of his failure to provide as much more than staid and glorification of them. This treatment does his subjects no particular favor, because they struggle as flat and frequently self-indulgent, instead of the intelligent, complex people one suspects them to be.

The one exception to this pattern is the last chapter, which focuses on a case rather than on a legal figure. It is a riveting, well-paced account of hockey player Mike Robertson's lawsuit against

the Vancouver Canucks for negligence in treating the injuries that ended his career and left him with permanent disabilities. For once there is some passion and conviction in the writing and a sense, as the case moves to trial, of what the courtroom is all about. The chapter provides an indication of how all of this material might have been approached. A riskier project, certainly, but by doing the sides of real journalists, Batten has failed to dig up those of courtroom law. *In Court* traverses some interesting terrain, but it does so on tiptoe.

—GUY GAVIN, KAT

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GOOD DRINKS BEGIN WITH MCGUINNESS



## Fast times at Bible college

WILD ROSE.  
By D M Clark  
(McClintock and Stewart,  
182 main, E M 25)

**C**hildren raised under the strictest, most moralistic regimes often turn out to be the most rebellious. That truth is aptly demonstrated in *Wild Rose*, the slight, though occasionally hilarious, third novel by British Columbia writer D.M. Clark. A tale of maternal, youthful instincts in conflict with rigid authority, *Rose* warns of the perils of trying to make children into angels: one might end up with *Flower*. *Van der Grinten*.

Piggy was the dinner sidekick here of Clarie's second novel, *The Sunburnt Men*. Now he has returned in an earlier incarnation as the leader of the "bad" boys at Gospel Acres, a fictitious Seventh-day Adventist college somewhere on the Prairies. Thus in the sort of boarding school where fraternization between the sexes is discouraged and enemies persons are warred off, not at dances but at "vegetable hops." At these absurd events, which take their name from the vegetarian moorishness



Clark: the boundaries of perversion

Faggy and his pals rebel against this madness with an anarchistic frenzy reminiscent of the Three Stooges. They rip the clappers off alarm bells, steal cutlery by the hundredweight, and masturbate like demons. Their brotherhood of sin is cemented by a private luncheon

That is two parts wit, three parts obscenity. This verbal humor is the heart and soul of the book. Although it swiftness as often as not, it strikes deep into the fancy bone when it does work. The secret of its success is its sheer, tasteless outrageousness, which pushes to the boundaries of perversion.

This broad comedy is nicely seasoned with just enough pathos to show that, for all his joking, Paddy is gravely vulnerable to the harshness of Gospel and the indifference of the world. He is at first at ease with a fellow student named Rose, the school officials hunt them out with a tenacity worthy of the Gestapo. The two teenagers are then referred to a psychiatric hospital where Paddy is sent orders to pray for forgiveness. The least interest that the authorities have in sex is suggested by the private medical exam they schedule for Rose, to see if her virginity is still intact. Surprised to find her so unrepentant about sex that she has refrained from it for all his defiance of the system, Paddy has been more thoroughly corrupted by his perfunctory outlook than he knows. The novel's ending is a little less than dominates the reader's memory of *Wild Rose*. The strength of Clark's novel is the staying power of the winners, opportunistic old men who make those suggest that at the best "form" may after the fact.

## RADIO

## Livening up the law

THE SCALES OF JUSTICE  
*car Stereo, Oct. 3 to Dec. 26*

**A**n attractive, promiscuous 31-year-old woman named Nancy is accused of strangling, and attempting to strangle, a 30-year-old man who said he had never met her in a search for the murder on the strength of an anonymous phone tip. A naked woman in hysterics appears on the doorstep of a Roman Catholic priest, claiming to have been brutally raped by a wealthy Vancouver businessman, George Papadopolis. A Queen's University law professor, Keith Latta, charged with murdering his former business partner in Edmonton, insists that it was a "style killing" and that he had only mistakes was having the sense of the crime.

Who to believe? In the accomplished new CBC Radio series *The Sins of Justice*, 13 hour-long dramatizations and analyses of noted Canadian criminal cases, the listener is drawn into the action like a member of the jury facing that overwhelming question: The woman's fearful testimony at the rape trial is utterly persuasive—and Poppyjohn's intelligent account of a cozy afternoon thing throws it all into doubt. Throughout the article presented on

*James: clever, crying and evocative*



1000

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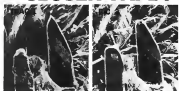


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gruma, suspense is pitched high; entertainment is as well married to education that when the narrative stops it is to explain a point of law. It belabours rather than slows down the drama. We listen all the more closely, knowing that in the theatre of the courtroom, this can hang on the slightest nuance.

The *Stinks of Justice*, produced by George Jones (who also wrote three of the scripts and directed 10), was two years in the making, and the polished results show it. Each program is a tightly packed montage composed of dramatized highlights from the real and the crime stack, along with glimpses into the police and judicial machinery. Interspersed with the drama is crisp, revealing commentary by Toronto criminal lawyer Edward Greenspan, explaining the role of circumstantial evidence, questioning the defense lawyer's decision to keep Keith Laime out of the witness stand, and most fascinating, outlining his defense strategy in three of his own trials. Among many admirably low-key performances, a few stand out. Mary-Louise as Mandy, John Collins as Papagayou and Al Waxman playing Greenspan in the dramatized portions of the three Greenspan cases.

Despite the occasional cliché (the familiar clang of cell doors and echoing footsteps on death row) and bits of silly writing (in one episode a woman cries, "That, that, driver, drive, quick, quick come here, there's a dead man over there"), the programs are remarkably free of the sorry conventions of radio drama. Because of its emphasis on intellect and the use of courtroom transcripts, the series is better suited for voice than for video. This is radio at its best—direct, gripping and delicately evocative.

What emerges out of the series is more than good suspense and lawyerly jurisprudence; it is a portrait of justice itself. As Clarence Darrow once observed, there is no such thing as justice, either in or out of court. A simple error—such as the courier's neglect in not taking the temperature of Mandy's corpse and thus confounding the calculation of the time of death—can prove critical to a case. Human inadequacy, coupled with the sometimes irresponsible task of deciding who is telling the truth, produces a flawed process which Perry Mason dare not find hard to recognize. The pivotal role played by the defense counsel can also be chilling. Listening to the incredibly ripe performance of Laime's lawyer is like watching a man sink in quicksand. When Greenspan relates how he wrangled a jury by brandishing a 30-year knife in the courtroom, we, too, are impressed by his theatrics. Well, was his client really innocent? In the end it is justice that is an trial—and found wanting.

—GILLIAN MACLEAN

## TELEVISION

# Pay TV runs the gauntlet

The decision of the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) have never been noted for their consistency. Last July, in an apparent attempt to ease financial pressures on pay TV licensees, who feared they could not live up to the Commission's content quotas set down in their *Broadcasting Licenses*, the CRTC issued a controversial "correction" (Order 82-1) to its original pay TV decision last March. Rather than force the licensees to meet their quotas each year, the order would have allowed them the full five-year period. This relieved of having to buy or invest in costly Canadian programs in the start-up year, the licensees could have first built up profits from American Hollywood movies and met Canadian-content quotas later. The independent Canadian film and television producers, already facing financial disaster with the eclipse of the Canadian feature film industry, cried "fool!" Upset on by their appeals, Communications Minister Preston Peck last week announced the federal cabinet to issue an order-in-council annulling Order 82-1 and reinstating the year-by-year quota. The aim was to ensure that pay TV, with a strong Canadian program production industry, "remain significantly Canadian."

Although independent producers were vindicated, none were fooled into believing that the reversal made any difference to their survival. Says Martha Porter, distribution co-ordinator for independent producer Norfolk Communications: "There were several problems before 82-1—all they have done is taken out the monkey wrench they threw in to make things worse." Porter should know Norfolk's announcement, several days before Peck's statement, that it was regarding production undoubtedly spurred the cabinet action. But the government order that the CRTC stick by its original decision, without enacting further legislation to make it economically viable, says Norfolk President William Blomfield, is futile. He estimates that 50 per cent of the producers' operating costs must be fronted by either the pay TV channels—which cannot afford it—or by government.

Among the licence holders, speculation about 82-1 focused on First Choice Canadian Communications, the national general entertainment channel whose license stipulates that 45 per cent of its revenues and 60 per cent of its programming budget must go to Canadian material. Like the other licensees, First

Choice President Don MacPherson was surprised by the original CRTC decision because its "survival of the fittest" approach drastically reduced projected revenues, shaking confidence and creating uncertain market conditions. With no revenues until pay TV goes on the air Feb. 1, 1983, enforcing Canadian-con-

tent quotas as the first license year, ending June 30, 1983, could be a disastrous to investment in Canadian productions, companies are already seeking deferred payment on acquisitions.

With the CRTC annulment, Fox has stepped its ministry to the front lines of the battle to preserve an indigenous film industry in Canada. But the glory of shepherding such sheep down an Order 82-1 will fade. Before Feb. 1, the government's commitment to pay TV as a purveyor of Canadian culture will be put to the acid test of dollars and cents.

—MARK CLARKE/OTTAWA

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# A new season filled with old faces



By Bill MacVicar

In most North American households the television characters who drop in nightly have become constant companions, closer in some cases than in-laws or neighbors. Over the years the secrets and idiosyncrasies of video figures are monitored as closely as one's own. While the characters of novels, movies or at the stage can involve audiences deeply, only television offers companions who stay around so long that intimacy, so unique to the medium, in both its blessing and its bane, and never have the two been so nobly displayed as in the 1980-'90 seasons.

The programmers seem to be aware that familiarity often breeds contempt. Rarely has the continuum of television shows such a derivative or unvaried flow, as the tried and true are reencountered in new vehicles. Joanne Loven Chalky flips the cloying yuck of the Happy Days episode and sets college, leaving none, Marlon Brando, alone in his empty nest. Divorced Gloria Stone (Gloria Steinberg), unburdened of husband Heathcliff, dotes on disowned natural in veterinarian Duggan Meredith's clinic on Glenside. Whether it will fare any better than *Archie Bunker's Place*, without the dear departed Belushi, minus doubtful Deadpan Bob Newman, minus Bannister Plinkerton, is back as an inheritor on *NerdsOut*.

Many of the same is the order of the medium. *The New Girl Couple* is now only in that blueface in the glams, with Rayfield and Son veteran Edmond Wilson playing the role and Bernady Miller-Alman as his Glams as the feisty-blogger. Whether a non-accidental sense of unadmitted humor will salvage this rerun of a rerun remains to be seen. And even the Muppets will be back in January, in something called *Froggie Red*.

Reconstructions are plentiful, but the funeral mood of the season cannot be ignored. The *Rainy Awards* on Sept. 19 were less a cause for celebration than a wake. Many series in name may honored are, but will soon be gone. *Mr./Mrs. Bernady Miller*, *Law & Order* (only Tom, snatched by NBC), was given a 15-week reprieve by NBC. Such series were immensely popular household staples, supplanted for the most part by miscounted shows that have no chance of starting the four-year wilderness run entailing a return to syndication. Since good prime-time shows lose money in first-run syndication brings in its debt, it also must own up to its debt in the ultimately dense of persuasive expositions. Both *Mr./Mrs. Bernady Miller* and *Law & Order* were not pre-syndicated before new episodes had reached from the air. In an unusually perceptive comment, Fred Silverman, former programming chief of ABC and NBC, noted that when both network and independent stations sus-

Rockefeller and Cindy Morgan in *King Of The Rock*; Allen, Shubert in *Glenside*; Family

tain the airwaves with reruns, audiences look interest in new episodes. In a series, such successful shows dig their own graves.

Some of the brighter hopes for fall viewers come from rehired situations, not characters. Chores, set in a blue-collar Boston bedroom, looks like it may win where *Archie Bunker's Place* failed. *Paddy's Back*, a spoof of *Dickens* with elements of *The Beverly Hills Cop*, became an overnight hit this summer and will continue this fall. Among the best bet is St. Barnabas, shuffled from the half-century, half-decade formula that has made *MH Street Story* a bona fide hit. St. Barnabas transfers its setting from precinct house to hospital, and its vaguely soap-opera episodes show promise.

One of the most eagerly anticipated events in the second debut of *Scotch Whisky*, the comedy-thriller starring Louis Del Grande. Last year's episode was among the upstarters heard the CBC has produced. Also a cause for national pride is *SCV*, that black and re-released show made in Toronto, which takes as its next television half. The show has had a unique following in the United States and encourages the medium to take itself seriously.

SCV's originality is all the more exhilarating in a season of derivatives.

It is a sad truth that what television has lost is a tradition that has been practiced from its earliest beginnings, the movie-witness *Prime Ministers of the Last Days* (see back in not one but two second installments). *Tales of the Gold Monkey*, with Steve Collins of *Star Trek*, and *Along The River Bank*, with Bruce Rockwell of *TV's* fame. Both set off to the pre-feminine World War Great, where (strange things) some producers have reached much further back than 1981. There is yet another *Scotch Whisky* for *Scotch Whiskies*.

While weekly shows in syndication time slots have been the majority of television since its beginning, its strong suit now looks to be the mini-series. In 1977 *Roots* demonstrated that an extended epic, screened on consecutive evenings, lured millions more enthusiastically than any shows, other conditions of novels, such as *Raid of Eden* or *Braveheart*. *Archie Bunker's Place* the mini-series a Dickensian scope. Unlike the excellent 1980 movie version of *Raid of Eden*, which covered only the last third of the book, the television version encompassed the whole with edifying and sweep.

The oft-voiced claim that the movies surpass in their grandeur anything that television produces to offer is a misleading claim. Standards of lighting, style and composition of most current movies cannot compare with even solid work of the 1950s and '60s, while made-for-TV movies and mini-series are looking better and better. In some cases, mini-series are better than *Mr. and Mrs. Smith* in their heyday might even *Little Girls*. *Heavenly Creatures*, retelling the girlhood of Gloria Vanderbilt, stars Betty Davis and Vanessa Redgrave. Seven hours al-

most suffice to tell the Second World Warage of Herman Wouk's *The Winds of War*, with Robert Mitchum in his television debut. Colleen McCullough's *The Thorn Birds* will enter our homes to enchant us with Richard Chamberlain. Another war, America's Civil War, offers video history with an adaptation of Bruce Catton's *The Blue and the Gray*, starring Gregory Peck. Canada extends the suspense with *Empire, Inc.*, a Dallas-like chronicle looking at the corporate structures that made the country great and prosperous, and the members of Pierre Boucher's mother, Liane, because *I Married the Keweenaw*.

One of the finest examples of television's recently found dramatic and visual elegance is *The Kennedys*. *Scotch Whiskies* novel wrote the script from his last, inside novel and turns it into a deeply disturbing film. The story of executed murderer Gerry Gilmore, this trilogy enhances the bleak Irish-American landscape of hatred and resentment with breathtaking effect. *Resurrection*, too, is the best, punctuated dialogue whereby simple folks, with unending passion, yet, lacking, is render their aspirations to the world. *Scotch Whiskies* is a triumph of the medium.

Triumphs, at early onset, seem to be for this season. Clearly, television is looking for new ways to lure us in. The mini-series is one way, hybridization, another, reaching, the value of all. And what may yet come could sum us all. Will the last-of *Doctors of Horror* climb into sweet tops and heat on concrete shoes? Will we see *Scotch Whiskies* Nancy Marchand running a semi-dance joint called Mrs. Fynchon's Place? There has been, and there will be, worse, one hopes fervently for the better to prevail. ☐

Martha Gibson, Dal Grande in *Scotch Whisky*; Robert Mitchum in *The Winds of War*



This Q&A No. 1

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# The latest in rent-a-wreck

By Allan Fotheringham

The solution may have been found. The light at the end of the tunnel may be there. Our politics have been paralytic, of course, by the indecision revolving around the retirement date of the prime minister. The financial community waits for some clear signal, the money markets waver, and the Liberal party stumbles about, an uncertain jockey for positive and outside candidates slightly shuffle about, rather like winners on the tug line at the high school games. The main stalling block has been a proper, dignified destination for Mr Trudeau, a proud man, remarkably fit for someone who will hit his 63rd birthday in weeks. Not for him a mere, pudging university chair or a cabin in the woods. As his party flitters and the country does the unexpected, considered, to his farewell, the question remains what does Pierre Elliott Trudeau want to do when he grows up?

We have a suggestion. The inspiration comes from a proverbialism equally as formidable (and as slippery) as that of the only prime minister who's got Glads-tonizing Henry Kissinger, who must be way out of Vietnam and the Nixon mess with the skill of a Trudeau, has decided to incorporate himself, going into business to give strategic assessments to firms that operate abroad. Merciful! Foreign policy by issue. Statesmanship goes to the marketplace. Why shouldn't Ambassador Wilgots benefit from the expertise that invigorated those tapping and watched Watergate from the inside? Some of Mr Kissinger's best international friends are convinced, though a spokesman says that reports that the innovative boss will charge \$250,000 a client are "overstated."

This is a real breakthrough in politics. No longer will the gaze, experience, manipulation and blinding devotion to government for the taxpayer be wasted, to die on the vine. Now, in the next years, it can be shilled for a buck to those willing to write a cheque to Kissinger Associates Inc., featuring Allan Fotheringham as a columnist for Southern News.



when he could have been flipping Fuller brother to the lazier brother? (Elliott could have made a handy buck, renting out his brother rather than waiting all that time against Gladstone. Why should the mere public have the benefit of glibbed wisdom? Why not leave it? Like Ayrs, like Harris. Like Kissinger. Don't buy a brain—lease one.

The possibility for the staggering Trudeau criticism are obvious. A man who has supervised so successfully for 14 years and viewed the necessity to his present healthy state should not be contented, suddenly, by one country. In his mind, as we know, has been underemployed for years, which is why he parades wherever he gets outside Ottawa. He could rent the left side of the brain in Africa and the right side to Asia and still have enough grey matter left over to invent a cure for leprosy. The man who has presided over the development of a separatist government in his own province and the death of his own party in Western Canada has nothing to be proud

of as a guru to struggling nations abroad who wish to know how he did it. Lease-a-Brain, as pioneered by Dr. K, is a natural for a man who has accumulated so much wisdom from sitting at the feet of Senator Keith Duggan and pillar Martin Goldfarb that it sometimes dribbles on his face. The grey Kissinger is smart, but Trudeau is smarter. How else can you account for a man still regarded supreme as prime minister with a majority government after 14 years—and a cabinet that is the weakest in some 30 years, as all the veteran observers agree, composed of incompetency, burnt-out cases, meanderers, philanderers and mouth-breathers? The man obviously has no more and so little to do.

Rent-an-Intellect is quite possibly an idea whose time has come, the solution to the problem of the politician who has more talent than career. Allan MacLachlan, for example. There must be dozens of bereft Third World countries in need of a superintendent of arithmetic, frantically able to fly in such a consultant to explain how a deficit budgeted at \$10 billion can magically turn into \$20

million in seven months. It is akin to the lazzari and the leban. Allan could probably spend the rest of his life abroad, blackboard and broom in hand, explaining his mathematical theories to the untold. More lazzari, the man who brought you Diesel Petroleum and so a reward has been placed in charge of our finances could rest on his expertise to Roni Azaria, explaining what they should do with the money and. Why limit the potential to the public sector? We have all those greedy Canadian bankers who get into us only Domes but Poland, Argentina, Mexico and Cuba. Ronald France and Bill McMillan, where are you when the starving international community is crying for your account?

Charles will obviously not be a champ, not shrewd enough to frantically sell himself and flag his name, like McDonald's or Hilton. Clementine and Rumsfeld didn't do market research on their worth. Kissinger Inc. is the answer. Don't retire your statements. Rent them. A great idea. Buy-a-Brain to today's Hula Hoop.



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